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REYMOND

A DRAMA OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY

HENRY M. CRONKHITE



—
NEW YORK AND LONDON
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. REYMOND, an American patriot.
2. HENRY, Reymond's brother, an American patriot.
3. ADOLPHUS BEZARD, a loyalist, Attorney for the Crown.
4. JOHN HIGHLAND, a loyalist.
5. GUY GANSEVOORT, a loyalist.
6. SIMON, a favorite colored servant in the Reymond family.
7. TRUSTY, Highland's faithful colored servant.
8. MELVILLE, Highland's Attorney.
9. COLONEL PARKE BORDENTON of the British army.
10. MAJOR WEXFORD of the British army.
11. LIEUTENANT SYLVESTER WARRING of the British army.
12. GENERAL WAYNE of the Patriot army.
13. CAPTAIN JOHN RICHARDSON of the Patriot army.
14. CAPTAIN WYLLIE of the Patriot army.
15. SERGEANT PETERS of the Patriot army.
16. BEN, a son of Guy Gansevoort.
17. JAKE, a son of Guy Gansevoort.
18. GUY, a son of Guy Gansevoort.
19. JOSEPH, son of Adolphus Bezard.
20. FINN, a perjurer.
21. WEATHERTON, a perjurer.

22. EMELYN, Reymond's mother.
23. JANE, sister of Reymond.
24. AGNES, the daughter of Highland.
25. ELLEN, daughter of Guy Gansevoort.

26. GRACE MARVIN, Warring's discarded lover.
27. KATE, Bezard's wife.
28. EMILY, Bezard's daughter.
29. BELL, Trusty's wife.
30. MALINDY JANE, Trusty's daughter.

Officers of the military court, maskers, soldiers, etc.

SCENE.

New York City and its vicinity.—In camp with the Patriot army.

REYMOND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*New York City. A room in BEZARD's residence, formerly the REYMOND mansion.*

Enter BEZARD, KATE his wife, and his daughter EMILY.

Bezard—Five thousand more to-day, my girl.

Kate—Five thousand, what is that?

Bezard—It is my portion of the Ford estate, Five thousand sterling pounds.

Emily—O that is grand! Is it all ours for ever?

Bezard—Yes, all is ours; ten thousand for the king.

Kate—Where will you treasure it?

Bezard—To London, Kate; it goes to London Bank: There is no safety here.

Emily—Are we not rich? How much have we in all? 10

Bezard—Just eighty thousand pounds.

Emily—We'll own the bank! father, we'll own the bank!

Kate—A handsome fortune, all your noble work: We love you dearly for it.

Bezard—There shall be more of it if I am spared. This is my harvest; I will make it yield A golden increase for another day.

Kate—O Dolly, dear! you told us Ford was last.

Bezard—The last as yet, but others are to come.

20 Some estimable gentlemen will rest
Uneasily, I ween, to-morrow night.

[Enter BEZARD'S son JOSEPH.

Josey, what news and rumors in the city ?

Joseph—I heard of nothing, Sir, except a meeting
Of condolence with Ford.

Bezard—What was the end of it ?

Joseph—He was a debtor for great sympathy,
And you for measureless vituperation.

Kate—Your enemies are all combined against you.
Let us go home to England ; we have plenty.

30 *Bezard*—Rank nonsense, *Kate* ; no fortune is enough
While there is more to get. They may combine ;
My work goes on the same. Van Rensselaer,
Highland, and Gansevoort, Wright and Worthington,
With many others, are upon my book
For early prosecution.

Kate—John Highland too ? Is he to be arraigned ?

Bezard—Yes, certainly ; John Highland is fair game,
And well worth all the rest.

He should have bought this residence himself

40 Upon the Reymond sale ; and so he would
But for his rebel sympathy and friendship :
Why then should loyal clemency for Highland
Prevent my loyal thrift ? Tell me that, *Kate*.

Kate—How can I, Dolly ? You are always right.
Yet this has been a pleasant home for us ;
There 's not a better one in all the city ;
Hardly as good, and got so cheaply too.

Bezard—Too cheap by half : I wanted it well sold ;
Besides, the war is doubtful at the best.

50 The rebels and the French are leagued against us,

And may prevail at last. In such a case
This property would not be worth a pound
To any loyalist, for rebel justice
Would surely give it back to Reymond's heirs.

Kate—I see it now. What can you do to save it?

Bezard—I 'll do my duty to myself and king ;
But have no fear ; your home shall bring its price.
My dears, the Major will be here anon
For private counsel. Leave the room awhile.

Kate—What is it, Dolly ?

60

Bezard—Have patience, Kate ; you shall know all in time.

*Exeunt KATE, JOSEPH, and EMILY. Enter MAJOR WEXFORD
of the British Army.*

Wexford—Upon my hour. How stands the Calendar ?

Bezard—Discouraging enough. I see no end.
Ten rebels found for every one convicted,
All ripe for punishment : what shall I do ?

Wexford—Your best, Bezard ; the king requires no more.
Before I put the work into your hands
Conviction was a rare phenomenon.
No rebel who had either wealth or friends,
And did not brazenly declare himself,
Was made to pay the penalty of treason
Until you did it. I am satisfied.
The difficulty is, you are but one :
Give me another man or two like you
And I will give the king a loyal city.

70

Bezard—I thank you, Major. If the zeal that won
Your confidence has power to retain it
I shall not lose it. There are many cases
Newly upon the book ; in some of them

80 The proof is quite sufficient for conviction ;
 In others it is just a trifle less,
 And breeds a moral certainty of guilt ;
 A little time will make it positive.

[BEZARD shows WEXFORD the book.

Here are the names, and every man of them
 A rebel to the core. I know the brand ;
 And when I see it I can show a traitor :
 A boundless charity to the families
 Of men who are at war against the king,
 Or have received the just reward of treason

90 In arms against the king. The men who bear it
 Are hostile spies in loyal uniform ;
 They cheer the king and feed his enemies.
 We look in vain for peace till these men feel
 The desolation of avenging war.

Wexford—True, true, Bezard. Depend on my support
 And do your duty without fear or favor.
 No truce with treason ; for so foul a growth
 Our only remedy is extirpation.
 Are these the only names ?

100 *Bezard*—No, there's another not upon the book.

Wexford—Why not ?

Bezard—I could not bear to write it ; I was pained
 To see the evidence accumulate
 Against my oldest, dearest friend, John Highland.
 Such is my faith in him that I distrust
 The very senses that impeach his honor.
 Your order shall be zealously obeyed :

Enter COLONEL PARKE BORDENTON of the British army.

But I must plead my best for a true friend.

His error sprang from a misguided heart,
Not from disloyalty.

110

Wexford—Misguided heart, misguided heart, indeed !
There 's not an evil doer in the realm
Who could not ply his trade before the world,
And stand off justice by the same defence.
Bezard, it will not do. Your line 's well marked,
But too elastic for an honest measure.
The men recorded, Highland not excepted,
Will justify themselves before the court
Or take the consequence.

Bordenton—Excuse my liberty.
Be gracious, Sir, and spare a true old man :
My life upon it, he is all the king's.

120

Wexford—Time will reveal. This matter must be tried.

Bordenton—Time *will* reveal and vindicate that man.

Wexford—The better tested then.

Bordenton—Is that the last ?

Wexford—It is the very last.

Bordenton—God help the king ! A good day, gentlemen.

[*Exit BORDENTON.*

Bezard—Your word is law to me ; and further, still,
I am convinced ; I say it with regret,
For old-time friendships and associations
With me are hard to break. I shall proceed
Promptly and thoroughly in everything.

130

Wexford—That is enough. Report from time to time.

Bezard—I shall at every step ; and your advice
Will be, as heretofore, my constant guide.

[*Exeunt.* 136

SCENE II.—*New York City. HIGHLAND's garden.*

Enter HIGHLAND and his daughter AGNES.

Agnes—Her little fairy-land. With what delight
She trained these flowers and shrubs ; how lovingly
She gave to each an individual name,
And spoke as if it understood her words.
There is no place like this.

Highland—No, Agnes, not to us, for your loved mother
Is here. I feel her presence as of old,
When she would charm away dark, angry thoughts,
With her bright looks and soothing, gentle voice.

10 *Agnes*—I feel it too ; and here she talks to me,
Though not in words, as plainly and as fondly
As when she lived. It seems that I can see,
I know I do in spirit, her sweet face
Over me yet. With anxious, beaming eyes,
She watches every act and every thought,
For she can see them all. She always comes
In this dear nook to solace you and me.
We must not grieve her love.

— *Highland*—We cannot grieve her ; she is first with us,
20 And ever will be. You remember, Agnes,
Her fond request to die among her flowers,
And how we put her on the little cot
And brought her to the garden. Here she lay,
Between this heliotrope and climbing rose,
The picture of content.

Agnes—While holding still your hand and mine in hers ;
And when she slept I had a girlish hope
That somehow by the magic of the flowers
Her health would come again. Do not forget,

This is her birthday : we must honor it
As she desired in works of charity.

30

Highland—Her wish is law.

See, daughter, if old Trusty is returned.

[*Exit AGNES.*

Dear semblance of a sacred memory,

What could I do without you ? My poor life
Would go to wreck on these tempestuous times.

We soon may be alone. How few remain,

How many gone, the best ! The gracious hearts
Which beat responsively to mine are cold

And pulseless now ! but that is not the worst :

40

To die in spirit while the body moves,

That is the worst ! that makes the barrier

Between my dead and me ! I may not mourn.

Rebellion ! thing accursed ! Who would have thought
So foul a demon could allure such men !

And Reymond too ! my brother Henry Reymond !

Dearest of all ! and has not left to me

The consolation of a soul bereaved !

My night is coming on. The sun that shone

On early days has no effulgence now

50

To light my groping age. But Agnes ! daughter !

True, gentle heart ! I must fight on for you !

Perhaps, perhaps ;—'t is but a faint perhaps

To rest a hope on, but it may be so :

He whom I cherished as a favorite child

May be my son indeed, and take the place

His father held when treason was unknown.

I 'll know the truth : if good there is one star

To light my way ; if not then all is dark,

For I can make no compromise with traitors.

60

[*Enter TRUSTY.*

Were all at home? What have you to report?

Trusty—Yes, Master, all at home and suffering.

Highand—The widow Thompson and her little ones, The Barton sisters, how are they to-day?

Trusty—Forlorn and destitute enough. The widow Is breaking down, I know it.

The Bartons are but little better off
With nine to live upon two women's work,
For Uncle Jerry's helpless as a child.

70 *Highland*—What misery! but darker is the future!

[Enter BORDENTON. Exit TRUSTY.

Bordenton—I come to bring you strange, bad news, my friend.

Highland—What is it, Bordenton? I am prepared: The strange and bad are current in these times.

Bordenton—But even now my news is notable
Above the common stock. In brief, John Highland
Is to be tried for treason to the crown.

Highland—What! treason! I! I tried for treason, Sir!

70 *Bordenton*—That is the present order. I have done
My best with Wexford and the general,
Without success, to have it countermanded.

I tell you from my heart, were I on trial
Myself for treason I should feel no worse,
Should be no more assured
Of my own innocence than I am of yours.

Highland—This truly is bad news! I am confounded!
To stand accused of what I most abhor.
Is notable indeed.

I feel beholden for your gracious effort
In my behalf. I'll vindicate my name;
90 But vindication is not full return;
It is not, at the best,

As if no accusation had been made.
The burning humiliation of the soul
When honor 's questioned is too terrible
For such a recompense. At my age too !
So suddenly ! it seems impossible !
And all my early manhood never heard
The faintest whisper of opprobrium.

Bordenton—Your name will rise above this calumny :
Poor as it is that is the only grain
Of comfort to be had. I will not mock you
By heartless platitudes of consolation
For what is meanly cruel and unjust.

Highland—I feel it so. Bezard will prosecute.

Bordenton—I heard it at his house an hour ago.

Highland—'T was not his work ! he knows my loyalty
And is my friend.

Bordenton—Bezard was eloquent in your defence ;
It pleases me to say it, though his word
Was powerless as my own. There is a rumor
That Gansevoort, Worthington, and other men
Of reputation are marked out for trial.

Highland—More and still worse ! What is to be the end ?

Bordenton—I cannot tell. I tremble for the crown
If Wexford's narrow counsel is to govern.

Highland—'Tis not the crown ; 'tis not his majesty ;
And if the smoke of treasonable war
Did not obscure us from the royal eye
Such persecution would not, could not be.
The chief prerogative of Britain's crown,
The glory of her kings, has ever been
The maintenance of liberty and right
Throughout the British realm.

100

110

120

[Enter BEZARD.]

Bezard—I thank you, Colonel Bordenton, sincerely :
You save me from the sorrow of disclosure.

Highland—I know it all, *Bezard*. I am your debtor,
Although you pled in vain. The charge is false
And grievously unjust. I feel it keenly.

Bezard—I suffer most ; I prosecute my friend,
130 The dearest and most innocent ; and yet
My part is not all bad. As king's attorney
I have the power to mitigate a wrong.
Some unseen, well-timed services for you
Will compensate for injury to me.

Highland—That's like yourself. Do your unpleasant duty
And trust my friendship too ; it will outlast
The torture of this trial. [Enter *GANSEVOORT*.
Welcome, Guy Gansevoort : I am glad to see you.

Gansevoort.—Your friend and brother in distress, John Highland ;
140 And yours forever, Colonel Bordenton.

Bezard—And no good word for me ?

Gansevoort—Nothing for you, Sir ; not from old Guy Gansevoort.

'Twixt us must pass a different salutation
If rumor's tale is true.

Bezard—If it is true, and you assume it is.
I am condemned on hearsay without hearing :
Is that your justice ? Rumor never told
Of what I did for you, though but for me
Her story would be more unpalatable
150 Than even now it is to you and yours ;
Mark that and work your will, then sup regret.

Gansevoort—I 'll take what comes ; but you have done me
wrong

Despite your artifice and protestations.
By despicable means, to glut your greed,
You plan to rob me of my reputation,
My fortune, and my very life itself ;
But you shall rue it yet ; your blood for mine !

Highland—Gansevoort, my friend, you are mistaken wholly.
Bezard is innocent ; our prosecution
Is contrary to his advice and wish. 160
When Wexford ordered mine
Both he and Colonel Bordenton were present ;
And they united to prevent the trial ;
Therefore you must retract, you will retract :
'T is not like you to perpetrate a wrong.

Bezard—Gansevoort, shall we be friends ? Are you convinced ?

Gansevoort—Yes, Sir, I am convinced, and own it here,
That in duplicity you outdo the Devil.
You may impose on Colonel Bordenton
And old John Highland, generous and true, 170
Who hold all men as noble as themselves,
But not on me. Your devious practices
Will not avail you here. I have a nose
Can smell a hypocrite : you have the odor.

Bezard—Rail to your heart's content. I 'll do my duty
In spite of your abuse. I do not fear you ;
And if you are not guilty as accused
Be not afraid of me.

[*Exit BEZARD.*

Gansevoort—My friends, I connot change. I see Bezard
As you will see him before this is done. 180
He is the scurviest cur that ever sneaked
Into the company of gentlemen.
What, pray, had he to attract the eye of Wexford ?

Was he a man in general esteem ?
 A master in the law ? the one to lead
 Important prosecutions for the crown ?
 What answer, gentlemen ? what need of answer ?
 But one thing still remains which he could do :
 Well could he act the spy and the informer.

190 *Stealthy*, persistent, false, a master there ;
 And that comprises all his usefulness.
 It is his work : I hold him to account. [Exit GANSEVOORT.

Highland—Gansevoort has gone astray ; no doubt of it ;
 The injury he suffers rankles him,
 And goads him to injustice. My dear daughter !
 The news, I fear, will drive her to distraction.

Bordenton—Poor lady ! I would bear her part of it
 If that could be. It will afford me pleasure
 To do you any service in my power.

[Exit BORDENTON. Enter AGNES.

200 *Agnes*—Father, I fear ; I cannot tell you why.

Highland—Fear what, my child ?

Agnes—Some hidden, dreadful evil.

Highland—'T is but a whim. You hear this accusation
 And leap at wild conclusions like a woman.

Agnes—Hear accusation ! accusation ! what !

Highland—The accusation of disloyalty.

Agnes—Not till this moment ! Can they hurt you ? tell me !

Highland—Be calm and brave. It is a groundless charge,
 And I will prove it so.

210 *Agnes*—I cannot, father. In imagination
 I see great harm to you.

Highland—Imagination, not reality.
 You feel the torment of a causeless terror.
 I should be quick to spy a real danger.

Cheer up, for I am safe as innocent. [Exit HIGHLAND.

Agnes—O mercy ! mercy ! Mischief 's on the wing !

Whose work is this ? is it Bezard's ? Why ? why ?

Why injure father ? Father was his friend.

It is all mystery, but I greatly fear

That wicked man : who ever escaped him yet !

220

If I could see ; but all around is dark ;

Yet I can hear the tiger, stealthily

Creeping upon us o'er his vantage ground

Of unknown darkness, crouching for the spring

Of certain death. Poor Agnes ! Poor, dear father ! [Exit. 225

SCENE III.—*New York City. The yard in front of the REYMOND cottage.*

Enter SIMON, solus.

Simon—Simon, you 're a colored gentleman of education ; you 're a child of genius too ; and that 's the greatest blessing in the world. How I wish the rest of the family had a spark of my genius. There was old Master Henry ; he had money and stores and ships and farms, but no genius. He could n't mind his own business and let the tools do the fighting ; he would get excited and be a fool himself ; that made us all as poor as the parson's cow. King George and Bezard got his property, the buzzards picked his bones, and that was the end of good old Master Henry. There 's that Adolphus Bezard ; 10 he 's rich now, and lives in our handsome house ; and we have to live in this poor little thing. He 's got genius ; it 's a mean kind of genius, but it 's genius and no mistake. He was a rebel himself at first ; but it did n't take him long to find out he was on the wrong side. He did n't change any too quick. 'Squire Highland stood up for 'im ; that 's what saved his

neck. Now he says the 'squire himself is a rebel. Bezdard does n't care for by-gones. He wants the old man's property. I guess he wants everybody's property ; he 'll have it, too, if 20 the war keeps on. I wish this confounded rumpus was over. There's my white brother Henry ; my white brother Will too. They 'll go to war. I can't help it. I 've given 'em lots of good advice, but it 's no use. It takes a genius to follow good advice, but any fool can follow a bad example. I 'm a rebel myself from top to toe and all the way through ; but my feelings never get the better of my genius.

[Enter HENRY.]

Here comes Henry with mischief in his eye.

Henry—Simon, I am about to leave the city.

[He hands a letter to SIMON.]

Will you take this to Mother Emelyn ?

30 Simon—Why don't you take it yourself ? Do you think I 'm a post-office ?

Henry—My brother Simon, you know well enough.

I go to fill my father's vacant place.

I cannot leave

Before I give some token of affection,

A parting word of comfort to my mother.

Simon—Lord ! Won't it make your poor old mother comfortable ! She 'll be too happy for this world when she knows her boy 's gone off to stop King George's bullets. What can 40 you do ? If the rebels can't win without you they can't win at all. Brother Henry, listen to the voice of genius : Don't go to war and get killed ! Have n't we lost enough already ?

Henry—I must go. I have thought of every thing.

Simon—Well, I 'll carry it. I 'll never see you any more !

Henry—Simon, good-bye ! Tell mother and the rest !

Simon—I 'll tell them ! Lord bless you, Henry !

[Exit HENRY.]

He 's gone ! he 'll be killed ! There 's brother Will ; he 'll go too and be killed ! We 'll all be killed but me !

[Enter REYMOND.]

Reymond—What is the matter, Simon ? are you sick ?

Simon—Matter enough for one day. I 'm not sick in my 50 body, but my heart is terribly fractured !

Reymond—Where is Miss Jennie ? Have you seen her, Simon ?

Simon—No, I have n't : it 's my opinion she 's gone to war.

[Enter JANE.]

Here she is. I must find Mother Emelyn.

[Exit SIMON.]

Reymond—Come, Jennie, keep your word.

Jane—First give your own to stay with me and mother of Henry will go ; I read it in his face :

And father, dear, good father ! gone forever !

Reymond—I dare not promise : I have not the power
To keep the promise. Never doubt my love. 60
I can but act as you yourself would act
Were you my brother, not my sister, Jennie.

Jane—I 'll do my best ; but, Willie, it is hard.

Reymond—Just like your precious self. And now the pledge.
Unlock your wisdom-box and show its treasures.
My destiny : does Agnes Highland love me ?

Jane—She does not love you : are you satisfied ?

Reymond—Is it the truth ? is it the very truth ?
Do not torment me, sister ! Is it true ?

Jane—If I must own the fact I told a lie. 70
Interpretation of the human heart
From human action is impossible
If her affection for your worthless self
Is less than yours for her : will that suffice ?

Reymond—Here 's at you, Jennie ! Now defend yourself.

Fane—Away, Crazy ! away ! I 'll say no more.

Reymond—The whys and wherefores : tell me every thing.

Fane—Then listen quietly.

Reymond—The gentleman residing in the moon

80 Can be no quieter than I shall now,
When lightning-winged, rock-rending thunderbolts
Fly mad about his ears. Say on, my girl.

Fane—They are so many it is difficult
To make the right selection. Instance this :
Some time ago we met by accident,
Agnes and I. She asked a world of questions
About your brother, mother, and myself,
But not a word of you till carelessly
I spoke your name, and instantly her cheek

90 Was bathed in crimson : love's anxiety
Beamed from her eye ; the while, with shallow art,
She simulated airs of unconcern.
She thought no more of mother and the rest ;
But for yourself her curiosity
Grew hungry o'er its food ; and yet she deemed
Her love inscrutable. Then jestingly
I touched upon your passion, marking well.
The quivering lip was forced into a smile ;
She crowned a deep sigh with some merry words ;

100 And then, remembering she had tarried long,
She kissed me a good-bye and passed away.
With longer converse there a full-grown tear
In either eye eftsoons had flown its nest.

Reymond—The world is mine ! I 'll give you France and
England !

Fane—You 'll give me nothing and have nothing left
But the wild fancies of an empty head.

Brother, dear brother ! your anticipations
Are all in vain !

Time was when it rejoiced me to perceive
The growth of your affection ; but our world
Has sadly changed since then. An adverse fate
Has put a lasting barrier between
Agnes and you. I know your nature well,
Its deep, strong constancy ; I feel your sorrows ;
And could I but foresee another future
Your happiness were little more than mine.

110

Reymond—My future is my own ! I only ask
For one true heart.

[Enter EMELYN frantically with a letter.

Mother, what is it, mother ? Here we are.

Emelyn—He 's gone ! he 's dead ! Your brother Henry 's 120
dead !

[She gives the letter to REYMOND.

Here, here it is ? My darling boy is dead !

Reymond—Mother, he is not dead ; this hand is his.

Emelyn—Read ! read ! My child is dead !

[REYMOND reads the letter.

Reymond—Dear mother, I have left my home and you
To risk my life upon the sacred cause.
How many times has resolution failed !
I could not act ; affection was too strong.
I could not bear to think upon your pain.
You know me, mother ; you will judge aright.
A little more ; the happy day will come.
Till then farewell, dearest and best of mothers !

130

Emelyn—Dead, dead ! yes, yes ! my precious child is dead !
The war ! the insatiate war ! O cruel Heaven !
Where are my loved ones now !

Reymond—Mother ! dear mother ! hear me ! hear your Willie !
Henry 's alive, and you shall see him too !

Emelyn—Yes, when I see your father ! Woe is me !
My dearest are no more !

Fane—Here, mother, you need rest.

140 *Reymond*—And rest in hope ; Henry will come again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A suburb of New York City.*

Enter REYMOND and AGNES.

Agnes—My plight is given. One good word for father
And he will bless us : why not say it, then ?
Is it so much ? or is your love too little ?

Reymond—It would be false, for I am not the king's ;
But, Agnes, I am yours and you are mine.
The time will surely come.

Agnes—Yes, Willie, time will come on heavy wing,
With longings, fears, and heartachings for me.

140 *Reymond*—There is no power can separate us, Agnes ;
The time will come ; it must. It cuts me deep
To know your pain, for you are all to me.
My life and my life's guiding star, love,
My heaven, my hope, are in thee !

Agnes—Hold, Willie, here, till I can set this down
To jog your memory when you forget it.

Reymond—It is myself ; it cannot be forgotten.
When the war ends and I return to you.

Agnes—Return, Willie ! return ! return from where ?

Reymond—From war to love and you.

20 *Agnes*—No, Willie, no ! not war ! Anxiety
And strange excitement overwhelm me now :
I cannot bear that too !

Reymond—My own, my Agnes, listen ! Many a day
In hope and dread, I 've waited for this hour ;
And long ago but for your own dear self
I should have been afar. Do not despair :
The bitter storm which drives against our love
Will have sweet recompense.

Agnes—I am so troubled I can hardly speak.

Where you see duty I see only danger
And death to you. Willie, are we oppressed ?
If so we 'll find some little spot of ground
Where freedom is, and we 'll dwell there together.
I dare not think of war.

30

Reymond—Agnes, there's no such blessed spot on earth.
Be brave for me ; confide all to my love,
And time will crown our hope with happiness.

Agnes—Heaven help us, Willie ! I can say no more.
I will endure as bravely as I can,
And long and pray for your deliverance,
While every zephyr from the battle-field
Wafts your death knell to me. And my dear father !
I tremble for him too :
A charge of treason is preferred against him.

40

Reymond—It is Bezard ! I know that man too well,
And hope to pay him yet. I love your father
More dearly now than in our better days ;
I know his goodness better. He may suffer
In many ways, but he cannot be ruined
By all the deviltry of the man he saved.

50

Agnes—I dread the worst. Mine is a double sorrow.

Reymond—To end in double bliss. Another pledge !
Once more, and this, my own, my only love !

53

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*In camp with a company of the Patriot army.*

Enter REYMOND and CAPTAIN WYLLIE.

Wyllie—What can you do ?

Reymond—I 'll try to do a soldier's duty, Sir.

Wyllie—That 's the right principle. Upon my soul !

If you were older by some fifty years,

And just a trifle smaller, I should think

Our good old captain had come back to us.

What is your name and age ?

Reymond—My name is William Reymond ; I am twenty.

Wyllie—What was your father's name ? Is he alive ?

10 *Reymond*—My father's name was Henry ; he was killed, We heard, in the campaign against Burgoyne.

Wyllie—I would have sworn. Your father was the father And the first captain of this company.

Well, if in spirit as in lineaments

And every action you resemble him,

Reymond, you are at home among fast friends.

He was a splendid specimen of manhood,

Full six feet high and weighed two hundred pounds,

With no spare flesh at all ; at sixty-five

20 As straight and active as a man of thirty,

You are, I think, even larger still than he ;

Not much ; that is the only difference,

Except the difference between gray and brown.

The old man fell in battle at Stillwater :

I was his ensign then.

We had the advance, and he was leading us.

The place was hot, and we, perhaps, were lagging.

He partly turned about and shouted, Forward !

'T was his last word, and the last syllable

Died on his lips. We left him where he fell

30

And hurried on to charge the enemy,

For none would disobey his dying order.

When all was over we went back to see

The face we loved. He lay as if asleep,

His head upon his arm.

And there we buried him ; and at his grave

We set a little wooden monument

With name and rank, and how and when he died,

To mark the hero's rest. Why, bless me ! boy,

I never meant to stir your feelings so :

40

But your good father was a man beloved

By all this company ; and his dear name

Will ever be a magic word with us.

But more of this anon. Ho, Richardson !

[Enter LIEUTENANT JOHN RICHARDSON.

Jack, who is this ?

Richardson—What *is* his name ? He ought to be a Reymond ;

The mark is plainly set on every feature.

Wyllie—And so he is, a Reymond and a soldier ;

He is the son of our old captain, too.

Richardson—My hand and heart ! Jack Richardson is yours. 50

Reymond, you have a whole man's work before you

If you maintain the honor of your name.

Reymond—I would not shame it.

Wyllie—No fear of that. You must be armed at once.

Reymond—I have a rifle and a pair of pistols,
All very good, and ammunition too.

Wyllie—They 're priceless, but you have another weapon
More precious yet to you, your father's sword.

Reymond—Have you the sword ? I would give worlds for it.

60 *Wyllie*—It is your own.

Reymond—I thank you, Captain : I can say no more !

Wyllie—I hear we are to follow Lord Cornwallis.

Into the Lowlands ; if report is true
Your first campaign will try your strength and mettle.

Reymond—Lieutenant, if you please,
When can I write a letter to New York ?

Richardson—At any time, but it will never go.
There is no post : whom could we send ? and how ?

70 *Reymond*—I see it : I had never thought of that ;
But I shall find a way if possible.

Richardson—If possible ! *Reymond*, you are in love.
Your sweetheart must wear out a year or two
In faith and hope ! it is impossible.

Reymond—Impossible ! impossible ! By Heaven
I 'll prove it possible ! it must be done !
Excuse me, Sir : I was beside myself.

Wyllie—The old man, *Richardson*.

80 *Richardson*—No harm, my lad ; yours is the aim of all :
The burden of this war is but to find
A safe and certain way to New York City. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II.—*A street in New York City.*

Enter from one direction HIGHLAND, LIEUTENANT SYLVESTER WARRING of the British army, AGNES, and ELLEN. BEZARD enters from the other direction.

Bezard—Your servant, all. Miss Highland, by your leave I shall request your father's company.

Lieutenant Warring will be proud and happy
To be the safeguard of his lady friends.

Exeunt WARRING, AGNES, and ELLEN. HIGHLAND and BEZARD enter BEZARD'S office.

I was upon the look-out for you, Highland.
There are two grounds of action in your case :
The first, that you have given aid and comfort
To the king's traitor enemies by food,
Money, and raiment to the families
Of men who are at war against the king,
And men who died at war against the king ;
And secondly, that you now tolerate
Or sanction the engagement of your daughter
To William Reymond of the Rebel army.

10

Highland—Are there no other counts in the indictment ?

Bezard—I know of none.

Highland—Among the many I have given alms
To helpless sufferers whose true protectors
Have rent the ties of nature and of law.
It is a hard rule rigorously applied
To hold that criminal, especially
As they themselves are wholly innocent,
And since no act of charity to them
Can hurt the royal cause. On no account

20

Would I imperil that. My daughter, sir
 Knows very well I should oppose her marriage
 With Reymond, or with any other rebel,
 To the extremity of my right and power.

Her spirit is all gentleness and love,

30 As delicate as the sunbeams ; at this time
 My trial is a grievous load to her,
 Almost beyond her strength ; and any act
 Or word of mine that could increase the burden
 Might cost her life or overthrow her reason.

Bezard—My friend, you see things wrong : I will speak out.
 The very ones who feed upon your bounty
 Stab you for thanks ; to get themselves in favor
 They lie against you ; cut them off at once
 Or you are ruined. I would not advise

40 To any act of sternness toward your daughter ;
 But her engagement to young William Reymond
 Is looked upon as evidence of bias ;
 And when your trial comes 't will warp the court ;
 I therefore urge you to be plain with her ;
 And from my knowledge of her gentle nature
 And love for you I can foretell her action ;
 She 'll rise above the vagary of girlhood
 To the self-sacrifice of a noble woman.

Highland—It cannot be. I will not risk the trial

50 Upon my daughter, nor can I abridge
 My customary charities. I stand
 Upon integrity and loyalty,
 And on the justice of our British laws ;
 If those are not enough
 I am content to pay the penalty.

Bezard—I will not give you up. Besides being right,

There is a prudence we can exercise
Without going wrong, material for our safety ;
And that is what I urge upon you here.
Believe me ; it is true ; you are in danger.

60

Highland—I do believe it, and esteem your friendship ;
But I have always trusted in the right,
And only in the right ; and at my age
It is not good to sacrifice my faith.

Bezard—It is too bad. If you would act with me
We could, I think, remove a wrong impression.
I 'll do my best alone.

Highland—Good-day, my friend. I trust you to the last
Implicitly for just and noble action. [Exit *HIGHLAND*.

Bezard—It will not work, yet I have done my duty ; 70
But if it had ; ah, then my worthy friend
Might have inherited his daughter's wealth
In time for me. Some demon ever guards
The interest of fools ; still, in the strife
Wise men are sure to get the lion's part
In spite of that. Old *Highland* is a fool,
And I will feed upon his blood and marrow. [Enter *JOSEPH*.
What says the gardener, *Josey* ?

Joseph—Whatever you desire. I led him on
To all particulars of testimony 80
As you directed me. The man is cunning ;
He snuffed my meaning on the slightest hint,
As if he knew, and answered to the purpose.
He wants revenge on *Highland* and the girl,
And will not be appeased.

Bezard—What raised his enmity against the Highlands

Joseph—Old *Highland* reprimanded him severely,
And then discharged him too,

For lying, drunkenness, and insolence.

90 *Bezard*—He is a prize ; I know him very well,
A stubborn, turbulent, malignant fellow,
Who will not scruple to achieve his purpose.
If he is fairly roused he can be trusted.

Joseph—He 's thoroughly aroused,
And will be here anon to talk it over :
He promised me.

Bezard—The letter, Josey ; is he right on that ?

Joseph—He is perfection. You will be surprised.
It seemed as if the man was telling me
100 That Highland wrote a letter in the garden
And read it there ; and that he overheard
A part of it by chance which had a strange
And treasonable sound ; that Highland rose
And thought to put the letter in his pocket,
But missed by accident, and it was blown
Under the rustic bridge ; then, in conclusion,
This very evening he would find the letter
And read it carefully : if it contained
Plain treason you should have it in an hour.

110 *Bezard*—Josey, you are the jewel of my soul !
If Warring now keeps promise, and he must,
Our game is nearly won. He tried to play
Young innocence on me, but lost his labor.
His eye was fastened upon Highland's wealth ;
And if he could have done without my help
I should have wanted his ; but when he found
That I alone could satisfy his needs,
And would not serve him for a thank-you-sir,
He took a different tack : the daughter's fortune
120 Left nothing to desire. I told him plainly,

When last he spoke about the Reymond letters,
That my attention and my time of late
Were taken by a more important letter,
One written from John Highland to Guy Gansevoort,
Its purport so and so, lost, as I heard,
Under a rustic bridge in Highland's garden.
He too had heard of it : in his opinion
That letter would be found ; it will be found.
Warring is wonderful in penmanship :
He counterfeited mine, and for my life
I could not tell it from the genuine :
'T was just the same ; it is a secret too.

[Enter FINN.

Finn—I found the letter, sir, and here it is :

[*He gives a letter to BEZARD.*

From top to bottom it is black with treason.

Bezard—It is to Gansevoort and in Highland's hand,
His very hand, familiar as my own,
And full of treason as hell is of sin.

You must not breathe it. Hear the letter, Josey.

[*BEZARD reads the letter.*

Dear Gansevoort, can you be at Highland Place
This evening or to-morrow ? I should come
To you at once, but some unwelcome guests
Detain me unavoidably at home.

My trial must be near. Bezard and Wexford
Will find me tough or I misjudge myself.

My hand and purse, you know, are always open
To those who suffer in the cause of freedom.

I am tracked home
In a few instances, and those comprise
The only evidence they have against me.
I saw my danger and am fortified

130

140

150

In semblance of the strongest loyalty.
 Where gold was useless to the royal cause
 Who gave more ostentatiously than I ?
 Who cheered the British king upon the street
 So loud as I except yourself, my friend ?
 If they but knew their secret works and plans
 Had gone from you and me to Washington
 My charities would sink below their notice.
 Come, Gansevoort, and if possible, to-night,
 160 For I have much to say that is important.
 Trusty will bring this note to you. Bye-bye.
 Your fellow Rebel and true friend, John Highland.

[BEZARD puts the letter in his pocket.

At last we see
 Our loyal paragon behind the curtain.
 Finn, tell me the particulars of this
 As you will swear to them upon the trial.

Finn—It was last Friday : I was then at work
 Pruning the shrubbery in Highland's garden.
 Highland sat in the shade before a table
 170 Writing that very letter. When 't was done
 He read it 'loud ; it sounded then to me
 Like rank high treason. As he left the table
 He tried to put the letter in his pocket :
 It dropped upon the ground and flew away
 Under the bridge.
 He never minded me ; he seemed excited.
 I found the letter afterward and read it
 To satisfy myself ; and brought it here
 Because it was a treasonable letter.
 180 Bezard—You tell me of a bridge ; what bridge is that ?
 Finn—The rustic bridge that spans the little hollow

In Highland's garden.

Bezard—There is a rumor of a conversation,
A rebel talk between that honest pair,
John Highland and Guy Gansevoort : did you hear it ?
They say it happened in the garden too,
A week before the writing of that letter.

Finn—I heard it all. Old Highland says to Gansevoort,
I have some valuable information ;
It shall be sent to Washington at once ;
And then he cursed Lord Clinton and the king. 190
Gansevoort replies,
That is my sentiment exactly, John.

Bezard—Do you remember Highland's very words
In cursing King George and Sir Henry Clinton ?

Finn—His words were these : The British king 's a tyrant
And Clinton is his tool : may both be damned !

Bezard—Finn, can you swear to all that you have told me ?

Finn—To all of it sure as my name is Finn.
John Highland, the old scoundrel, shall be downed, 200
And I will do it if it takes my life !

Bezard—You know too much of Highland's treason, Finn ;
That made him turn you off.

Finn—Just right ; just right ; you hit it then precisely.
Bezard—Say nothing ; show no anger against Highland,
For that would help the villain to defeat us.
I want you, Finn. My garden is a waste ;
And you can change it to a place of beauty.
I 'll pay you well, better by many pounds
Than Highland did. Josey will make the bargain. 210

Finn—I am delighted ; I will come to-morrow. [*Exit FINN.*]

Bezard—Finn will receive a hundred pounds a year :
'T will be repaid. He 's worth his weight in gold.

It must be secret : caution him on that.
 To all but him, you, Josey, and myself,
 His wages will be five and twenty pounds.
 Warring is coming soon ; leave us alone.

[*Exit* JOSEPH. *Enter* WARRING.

We found the letter, Sir.
 It is from Highland, written to Guy Gansevoort :

220 I know the hand ; a treasonable thing.
 My work goes on ; I am at leisure now.

Warring—Then, if you please, I must request a favor :
 Will you intrust me with the Reymond letters
 For but a day or two ? They shall be safe.

Bezard—With pleasure ; and I give you heartily
 My wishes for the triumph of your art.

Warring—I have two rivals here, the Rebel Reymond
 And Colonel Bordenton : are there no others ?

230 *Bezard*—There are no others. As for Bordenton,

His suit is hopeless : take my word on that.
 The Rebel is your enemy : beat him
 And she is won.

Warring—They say she has an independent fortune,
 The largest in the province ; is it so ?

Bezard—A fortune for a lord in her own right,
 Inherited directly from her mother.

240 *Warring*—If skill can win success the girl is mine.
 Could I but meet this Reymond in the field
 His flower should be plucked ;
 But I will reach him though, and he shall feel it.

Bezard—One moment.

[*Exit* BEZARD.

Warring—Now is my time. The world owes me a fortune
 And offers payment here. She and her gold
 Will be a double prize. I am her man.

Gold gives a savor to the honey-moon
Better than love's, and both shall sweeten mine.

BEZARD re-enters and gives WARRING a package of letters.

Bezard—The Reymond letters ; make the best of them.

Warring—You 'll hear from them in time,

I 'll wager my commission on results. [Exit *WARRING*.

Bezard—We 'll see results ; we 'll see. The charm works well. 250
Go on, my friend, and shock her to the death.

What if the apple drops from Highland's hand
Into my lap ? what then ? Two princely fortunes,

Instead of one, pay tribute to my thrift. [Exit. 254

SCENE III.—*The edge of a wood near New York City.*

Enter BORDENTON, WARRING, AGNES, and ELLEN.

Ellen—Have patience, Colonel Bordenton ; be brave.

'T is hard, I know, to see an adversary
Wafting his passion to your lady's ear
While you are forced to silence and inaction.
Vex not your soul for such an adversary :
If he were but a magpie chattering
Beside her path he were no less a power,
Of no less interest to Agnes Highland
Than as a man and suitor. He is harmless.

Bordenton—Yet I must fear him. I 'm a coward here, 10
If but the faintest shadow of a man
Come near her I will tremble. To be plain,
My own unworthiness of such a woman
Disarms me and unnerves me totally.

Ellen—I am her dearest friend. A lasting grief,
I may not tell it, preys on Agnes' heart.

See how she looks into the distant heavens
 With melancholy face and wistful eyes
 As longing to be there ; thoughtless of self
 20 And all about, heedless of all but sorrow,
 While her companion, bold in self-assurance,
 Distils his nonsense into listless ears.

Bordenton—Perhaps her mother's death, her father's trial,
 Have robed her spirit in so deep a mourning.

Ellen—Yes, the bereavement is a hard affliction ;
 So is the persecution of her father ;
 But there is more, another burden still
 She carries wearily. To me alone
 Of all her friends will Agnes talk of it ;
 30 And even to me she never mentions it
 Save when her full heart, bursting with its anguish,
 O'ermasters her reserve. There is a cross,
 A blighting love-cross, and you ought to know it.
 I 'll say no more : conscience misgives me now.

Bordenton—Her lover must be dead ;
 And those tears are the maiden widow's weeds.

Ellen—No, it were basest cruelty disguised
 To cheer a true heart with so vain a hope.

Bordenton—Why vain hope ? tell me that.
 40 *Ellen*—Because her love is plighted ; and with her
 Once is forever.

Bordenton—I will not give her up.

Ellen—I thought as much ; 't were better if you could.
 But time is passing ; let us join our friends :
 Both are most anxious for our company
 Or I mistake. Soft, soft, Lieutenant Warring ;
 Your sweet words make me envious and jealous.

Warring—That 's like enough. I have a wealth of love

To give the woman worthy to receive it ;
And I have power of speech to show my love.
Miss Highland and myself were but too happy
In our own company : we need no other.

Ellen—Too plain for mention ; we can see it clearly.
Your faces are still radiant with delight.

Agnes—Forgive me, gentlemen, to think of self ;
But I am tired and sad. Let us go home.

Bordenton—Do stay awhile. Here is a magic spot.
This air, o'erladen with its floral treasures,
The low, soft music of the forest winds,
Soothe the quick senses and enchant the soul ;
And these eternal oaks and hickories
Look down upon us from their better world,
And lift us in their mighty, gentle arms,
Above life's care and turmoil into peace,
Content, and happiness.

Agnes—These charms are not for me. Where all within
Is filled with sorrow the sweet, gentle spirit
Of nature cannot come.

[*Exeunt.* 68]

SCENE IV.—*A room in HIGHLAND's residence. Present, HIGHLAND and AGNES.*

TRUSTY enters with a letter and gives it to HIGHLAND, who reads it.

Highland—He says Bezard is false.

Trusty—I, Master, too ;
Please pardon me for speaking out of place ;
I hold Bezard as your worst enemy.

Highland—Why, Trusty ? why ? It is not like yourself
To give so harsh a judgment without reason.

Trusty—I cannot tell you why, but there is something
Somewhere in him that stamps him for a villain

Bent upon villainy

10 *Agnes*—Yes, Father ; and the ones who love you most
Distrust him most ; his friendship is assumed
The better, by some dark and wicked means
To work his purpose. Leave him to his wiles ;
Protect yourself and me !

Highland—Agnes, my daughter, it is very hard
To stand against the wishes of my friends,
And your dear self, my darling ! more than all !
And more than life though I had youth and hope !
But yet I cannot change. If, as I think,

20 *Bezard* is true to me,
To cast a foul aspersion upon him
Would be injustice treacherous and cruel ;
And in the supreme ordeal of my life
I must not stoop to that, for how could I
Appeal to justice, having outraged justice ?
Bear with me, Daughter, and you, faithful *Trusty* ;
And pray the friends who love me to bear with me.

Agnes—Dear Father ! he is false !

There is no trace nor possibility

30 Of friendship in his hollow artifice ! [Enter *JOSEPH*.]

Joseph—I have important matter. If Miss *Highland*
And *Trusty* here will leave us to ourselves
I shall be much obliged.

Agnes—Is it about my father's coming trial ?

Joseph—Yes, that is it.

Agnes—Then by his leave I shall remain with him ;
It is my trial too.

Highland—Agnes, it is your right ;

If it were not, your wish would be enough.

40 But mark me, *Josey* ; by my daughter's presence

I make no question of your father's friendship.

Joseph—Miss Highland, what I have to say is very
Unfit for you ; and therefore, if you please,
I shall request you as a special favor
To leave us for a time.

Agnes—No, I cannot oblige you. I am loath
To appear ungentle ; but all other feelings
Must yield to one.

Joseph—Sir, since your daughter will remain I may
As well proceed at once. To cut it short, 50
New evidence has come to light against you ;
It is so plain and irresistible
That father now esteems you as a rebel.
In such belief, or rather certainty—
That was the word,—he will proceed hereafter.
'T was hard for him to recognize a traitor
In his old friend ; and had there been a doubt
He would have clung to it. For special reasons
Your bail-bond is increased ten thousand pounds.

Highland—Good Heaven ! Evidence ! new evidence ! 60
What is your evidence ? I 'll prove it false.

Joseph—Unless you get the answer from your conscience
You will not have it till the time of trial :
I tell you so much by authority.

Highland—No friend would take
Such evidence without a word from me.
I know him now ! I see him as he is.
Your father is the falsest hypocrite
Who ever played the game of honesty !

JOSEPH advances to strike HIGHLAND and TRUSTY prevents him.

Trusty—Back instantly ! Get back, Sir ! One, two, three ! 70

There, that will do. Your soul can stay awhile.
 If you had laid a hand on this old man
 It would have been the last act of your life.

Agnes—The time has come ! The dark plot is complete !
 Joseph Bezard, my father is as free
 From any taint of treachery or treason,
 From all that is not noble, just, and good,
 As is your own, as you are too yourself
 From every right and honorable feeling !

80 *Joseph*—Storm, both of you ; it cannot overcome
 The storm without that will blow down your house,
 And blow away the freedom you have given
 That black, gigantic cur ; he too shall suffer.

[*Exit* JOSEPH.]

Highland—The young man would have struck me but for
 Trusty.

Trusty—Yes, that the coward would, without regard
 To your gray hairs or to your daughter's presence.
 I 'll not hurt any man if I can help it ;
 But had he dared to strike,
 90 A single blow from this right hand of mine
 Would have sent him into eternity.

Agnes—You saved him, Trusty ! O I tremble so !

Highland—Come, daughter, take my arm. Trusty, stay here.

[*Exeunt* HIGHLAND and AGNES.]

Trusty—The deviltry is done. Bezard is ready
 To ruin the man who gave me all I have ;
 My liberty, my wife, my education,
 And manly reason, every thing that makes
 A human being better than a brute ;
 As innocent of crime in thought and act
 100 As innocence itself. I will not rest ;

He shall be saved ! And yet what can I do !

[Enter SIMON.

Simon—What 's the matter, Uncle Trusty ? You look as solemn as a sick owl.

Trusty—More trouble, Simon. I am glad to see you. Bezard is ripe for mischief ; His son was here and brought a lying message Against old Master. You can help us, Simon, And you must help us.

Simon—That 's all very fine, Uncle Trusty ; but what did you say when I begged for Malindy Jane ? not till I had a home 110 of my own with ample means to support her ; that 's what you said. My love and my misery, and all my eloquence to boot, could n't make any impression on your stony heart. What did you care for poor Simon ? Your resolution was fixed. I 'll tell you just what I *will* do and will *not* do ; and my resolution is fixed. If I can have Malindy Jane when it 's all over I 'll help Master Highland ; if I can't have her you may help yourselves. Will you promise ?

Trusty—Simon, my son,
Do every thing to save that good old man ;
Work night and day as you alone can work,
And in the end my daughter shall be yours.

Simon—It 's a bargain. Now listen ; never whisper that Simon is on Bezard's track ; never talk about me ; never speak to me unless I speak to you. Obey orders or Bezard will get on my track.

Trusty—I promise you, and I will keep the secret.

Simon—That 's right ; you be quiet and leave the work to me. Uncle Trusty, our business is done, and I 'll bet a pound you can't guess what brought me here.

Trusty—You came to ask me for Malindy Jane.

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130

Simon—All wrong, Uncle Trusty. I came to join Master Highland in his battle with Bezard.

Trusty—God bless you, boy!

You took a curious way to show your purpose.

Simon—Of course I did. That's the way my genius works. When you told me about the trouble, I knew my time. Uncle Trusty, great genius never lets a good opportunity slip. I did n't let mine slip ; but I've an ugly score to settle 140 with Adolphus Bezard. Did n't he take our handsome house with every thing in it, and drive us all out in the street ? Can I keep still while he destroys the good old man who does so much for us ? You never thought of these things because you've no genius. I've got genius, a genius for observation, a genius for action, a genius for eloquence, a genius for silence, a genius,—a genius,—a genius ;—I've got more kinds of genius than I can think of. Uncle Trusty, I can't waste any more genius on you to-day. Now is the time for silence and action.

Good-bye. [Exit SIMON. Re-enter HIGHLAND.

150 *Highland*—Old Trusty, you were right ;

But what a shock to be so undeceived !

[Enter MELVILLE. Exit TRUSTY.

Bezard has finally declared himself

An enemy of mine. Do what is best.

My bail-bond is increased ten thousand pounds.

Melville—His move means mischief, Sir ; but let it come :

We 'll meet it as we can ;

If loyalty and rectitude are safe,

158 We 'll meet it with success.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A room in the Reymond cottage.*

Present JANE. Enter AGNES; she gives JANE a letter.

Agnes—Dear Jennie! read this! read this wicked letter!
Is it from Willie? is it Willie's hand?
Is it his certainly? For pity's sake
Give me some hope and comfort, if you can!

Fane—If it is wicked it is not from Willie,

[*JANE reads the letter.*

My dear Miss Highland, I have waited long
For this first opportunity to write you,
I here relinquish every claim of mine
Upon your heart. I should have known before,
Long, long ago, that you were not for me. 10
I fondly dreamed, as lovers always dream,
That my love was an angel, far above
The changing power of time and circumstance.
I wake to find that you are but a woman,
And fickle too, as other women are.
Colonel Parke Bordenton is now preferred,
And all your loyal world approves your choice,
As I do too, for he has princely wealth,
A proud position, and a noble name—
Three magnets to attract a woman's heart 20
When feeble, transient love has lost its power.
For me, whenever heaven sends me one
As poor as I, and in full sympathy
With me and mine, in friendship and in hate,
With no pretension to a love divine
To mock my youthful folly, I may marry.
My friend, I wish you every happiness
That earth can give; and so good-bye forever;

These words are easy now. Yours, William Reymond.

30 *Agnes*—Quick, tell me, Jennie ! Is it Willie's writing ?

Fane—My eyes are blurred, I cannot see the letters.

Agnes—It may be counterfeit ; it must be, Jennie ;

And yet it is so like, it looks the same !

Fane—If Willie Reymond ever wrote this latter
He was bereft of reason, that is certain.

Agnes—And so are all transformed by jealousy ;
Why should they poison him ?

Fane—I did not mean such madness, but the madness
Which wrecks the very soul.

40 Low jealousy is not in Willie's nature.

His confidence is boundless as his love.

My eyes are clearer now, I see the letters.

It is my brother's hand, but not his heart ;

He was not Willie Reymond when he wrote it.

Agnes—O sister Jennie ! you would pity me
If you but loved me now as once you did !

Fane—I love you more ;
I love you and I suffer too, with you !

My very heart is chilled !

50 *Agnes*—Is there no way in which it might have come
If Willie did not write it ? none at all ?

Fane—I cannot see a way. The hand is his
In form and style to the minutest point ;
Even the peculiar fashion of the dots
Is all his own ; but as I said before,
When Willie Reymond wrote it he was mad ;
His love and loneliness had driven him mad.

Agnes—Whatever is, my love can never change.
I must bear up and comfort my dear father,

60 But how, Heaven only knows !

Fane—Trust, Agnes, trust ; you have a sister's love,
A father's love ; and through this night perhaps
May break the light of yet another love. [Exeunt. 63]

SCENE VI.—*In camp with Reymond's company after a battle.*

Enter Captain Wyllie and Lieutenant Richardson.

Wyllie—A bloody time. How is the company ?

Richardson—Our loss is heavy ; ensign Hartington
And four men killed, with eight severely wounded.

Wyllie—And you are wounded too ?

Richardson—Not bad enough to keep me clear of duty ;
A modest compliment to moderate merit :
I trust I may repay It. I was down,
And should have ended my career of glory
Right there and then, Sir, but for Reymond's help.
He fought a dozen off, I 'm sure of it :
I counted fifty and make full allowance.

10

Wyllie—The soul of honor. -

Richardson—And the embodiment of fight as well.

Wyllie—He must be ensign now. Poor Hartington !
He died a hero's death. No man but Reymond
Can fill his place. Reymond 's the rising man.
He caught old Wayne's eye in the Hessian charge,
And some red-hot commendatory oaths !
His fortune 's made, and he deserves it too.
Here comes the fellow with a wounded man :
Who is that, Richardson ? he 's none of ours,

20

[Enter REYMOND and HENRY.]

Reymond—My brother, Sergeant Reymond, gentlemen.

Wyllie—Our camp-fire is your own.

King George, I see, has put a mark upon you.

Henry—A slight one, but a day or two of rest
Will wear it off again.

Richardson—Your brother escaped, it seems a miracle.

Henry—He tells me this was father's company.

Wyllie—Your father was a father to us all,

30 And made us what we are. It is our aim
To emulate him and avenge his death.
His sons are brothers here to every man ;
Both are so like him too, in face and manner ;
But you are fashioned in a smaller mould.

Enter an Orderly who gives a letter to Captain Wyllie. Exit Orderly. *WYLLIE scans the letter for a moment.*

Richardson—The general's orderly.

I get a powdery smell. We 'll be afoot
Within two hours, or Richardson 's no prophet.

[*WYLLIE reads the letter.*

Wyllie—I shall inspect your company at once.

Lieutenant Richardson has been promoted
40 A captain to succeed Malone, deceased.
Your paper in the case of Sergeant Reymond
Has not been forwarded.

There is a man of yours, the one that led
Against the Hessian charge, whom I have chosen
As captain on my staff. Let him report
To me when I inspect you. I supposed
That he might be the son of Captain Reymond,
And if he is you must select another
As ensign in the place of Hartington ;
50 If he is not, I will approve your choice.
Have all in line, I shall inspect alone,
On foot. Be ready. A. Wayne, General.

Richardson—In luck, my boy !

Wyllie—And I am all alone.

Reymond—I 'd rather stay, and I will say so too.

Wyllie—But you shall not ; you well deserve the best.

I 'll try to make a shift ; I have it now.

Your brother fills the place of Richardson,

And Sergeant Peters can take Hartington's :

A bright idea, that. Ho, Sergeant Peters !

60

[Enter Sergeant PETERS.]

We have inspection by the general.

Prepare the company.

[Exit Sergeant PETERS.]

Henry— My hearty thanks, but I cannot accept ;
I have no claim at all.

Wyllie—I am the judge of that. Your claim is good,
And you are welcome too. [Enter General WAYNE.]
This, General, is Sergeant William Reymond,
The man who led against the Hessian charge.

Gen. Wayne—I thought it then.
Your father was a valued friend of mine.

Reymond—I am ordered, General, to report in person
To you for special duty.

70

Gen. Wayne—You are to be a captain on my staff,
And serve as such while waiting your commission.
'T will not be long for I shall recommend you
For bravery in the battle.

Reymond—I hope, Sir, you will ever find me zealous ;
But if my service, as I fear it may
From incapacity and inexperience,
Come short of your requirements, let me go
To my first duty as a private soldier.

80

Gen. Wayne—Your bravery and fidelity were proven
Before my face in battle ; for the rest,

A modest inexperience is no bar :
I like to shape and discipline true merit.

Wyllie—Now, by permission, I shall ask a favor.

Gen. Wayne—Out with it, Captain ; any thing in reason.

Wyllie—Death and promotion

Leave me with neither ensign nor lieutenant ;

90 And I request that Sergeant Henry Reymond
Be made lieutenant of this company.

There 's not a straw to choose between the brothers
Except in size. We want him for his worth
And the association of his name.

Gen. Wayne—It shall be done. I will transfer him now
And notify his colonel of the fact.

Wyllie—I also recommend you Sergeant Peters
As ensign in the place of Hartington.

Gen. Wayne—I know the man ; a very good selection.

100 Send in both names and I will forward them

101 By special post with that of Captain Reymond.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—HIGHLAND'S garden.

Enter AGNES, solus.

Agnes—My light is out, and all my life is darkness !

(*She sings.*)

(1)

Farewell, loved one, farewell !
And art thou gone ! forever lost to me !
O could my heart her secret story tell
Wouldst thou believe me treacherous to thee ?

(2)

Hapless I brood and weep
From morn to eve, from eve to weary morn ;

No kindred soul, no blessed rest in sleep ;
I grieve my life away, unseen, forlorn !

(3)

Where shall I sleep at last
To wake no more ! no more to bear and know
The burden of a sorrow never past !
Sorrow of sorrows in a place of woe !

10

(4)

There let me sleep where love,
Which I find not in life, may seek my tomb
And plant her fairest emblem flowers above,
The sweet memorials of affection's doom.

(5)

For I have loved and dreamed
That heaven's bliss might dwell on earth. How dear
The cherished hope ! how bright the illusion seemed !
But those are gone ! reality is here !

20

(6)

Come back to me, my heart ;
Thy precious, boundless treasures are unknown !
Thy mate is not ! thou hast a bitter part !
To love forever, but to love alone !

(7)

Come back, come back to me !
For thou art but a sacrifice to hate !
O gracious Heaven ! can it never be !
Ah me ! my life is dark and desolate !

(8)

30 With a hard world to cope
All, all alone, and hide the tears I shed !
O there is no death like the death of hope !
Why must I live when every hope is dead !

(9)

37 Come, Death, and take me there !
Come, take me where my mother is at rest !
Come, Mother ! let your child in her despair
Find love once more upon your gentle breast !

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*New York City. A street.**Enter SIMON and GRACE MARVIN. GRACE carries a satchel.*

Simon—Young lady, excuse me; my name is Simon Reymond. Are you a stranger here? I can take you anywhere in the city.

Grace—I am a stranger all the way from London; I know not where to go nor what to do.

Simon—I saw you come from the ship. Go with me and you 'll find a good home and good friends. Anybody around here can tell you who I am. May I carry your satchel?

Grace—Not now, I thank you, Sir.

Simon—You are afraid to trust me. I am a colored gentleman of genius. You can always trust a man of genius. Mother Emelyn and Miss Jane are the gentlelest white ladies in the British Empire, and the best too. We were once the richest folks in the city, and had the handsomest house; but old Master Henry turned rebel and went to war against the king; so the king and Adolphus Bezard took away our house and all the rest of our property. After that Master Henry was killed. Then my white brothers Will and Henry went to war against the king. There 's nobody at home now but me and Mother Emelyn and Miss Jane. I 'm no rebel: I 've got too much 20 genius to be a rebel. If I ever *do* fight I 'll fight for King George: that 's the kind of a tartar I am. Did n't I hear you ask the porter about Lieutenant Warring of the British Army?

Grace—You did ; he is my friend, my dearest friend ;
And I have come alone across the ocean,
And given every thing to see his face.

Simon—I know that gentleman well ; a remarkable gentleman he is too. There is n't his equal in the British Army. The world's ear will ring with his name same day : take my 10 word for that. He 's now in the city. Your name, please, so that I can introduce you to Mother Emelyn and Miss Jane. Do let me carry your satchel. American gentlemen never allow ladies to carry their own satchels.

GRACE gives her satchel to SIMON, and he conducts her to the Reymond cottage. WARRING comes out of a shop and watches them till they turn into the house.

Grace—Grace Marvin is my name ; I 'll go with you ; You talk so good and have so good a face ; But are you certain they will take me in ? They never heard of me.

Simon—O yes ; they 're too good to do any thing else. I 'm the substantial head of the family at present. We 'll soon be 20 there. By the way, Miss Grace, Lieutenant Warring has another particular friend in the city.

Grace—Another ? who is he ?

Simon—He is a very beautiful and wealthy young lady by the name of Agnes Highland.

Grace—Oh ! What !

Simon—The O of it and the what of it is just this : Lieutenant Warring has been sparkling Miss Agnes like Jehu for a long time. She was engaged to my white brother Will before he went to war. A little while ago she got a curious letter 30 from Will. The letter said he was mad at her and would never marry her. It broke the poor girl's heart. Miss Jane

can tell you all about it. This is our house. In an hour you 'll think you 've lived in the family all your life. [SIMON and GRACE go into the house where they meet EMELYN and JANE.] Mother Emelyn, Miss Jane, this young lady is Miss Grace Marvin, just from London. I said you would take her in because she is a stranger without any home.

Emelyn—And so we will.

Jane—Miss Marvin, you are welcome as a sister ; Accept the best our little home affords.

40

Grace—Dear ladies ! I can never tell my thanks.

You cannot know my feelings till you are
Alone and penniless in a strange city
As I am here, and some good angel then
Is all to you that you are now to me.

Simon—Miss Grace has come 'way over here after Lieutenant Warring. That looks to me like a wild-goose chase with the goose a hundred miles ahead. He 's her dearest friend, but she is n't his dearest friend by a good deal, as we all know. I 'm glad she found better friends than he 50 is. His sweetheart 's the daughter of Sterling Pound, Esquire.

Grace—How can you say it, Simon, when at first
You spoke so highly of Lieutenant Warring ?

Simon—"T was my genius, Miss Grace ; you don't know my genius yet

Emelyn—Are you engaged to that young gentleman,
My poor, dear child ? is that what brought you here ?

Grace—Yes, Mother ;—let me call you so ; it cheers
Me in my loneliness ;—we are engaged.

60

Emelyn—Fond, hapless one ! The world is full of tears,
But other sorrow-laden tears must flow
As mine are flowing still.

[Enter AGNES.

Agnes—Dear Mother ! Sister ! it will never end !
More trouble, more humiliation yet !

Emelyn—What is it ? Has your enemy shown up
In some new wickedness ? Let him go on ;
His end will come and he will work it out.

Jane—This is my foster-sister ; know her, Agnes,
70 As one the most unhappy like yourself.

Agnes—Are you unhappy ? then we should be friends.

Grace—And so we shall if you will be my friend ;
You look so kind and I am so forlorn.

Agnes—We are, but I must tell my trouble here :
Bezard has got an order from the court
Removing me and mine from father's charge
For his disloyalty. I would give all
As willingly as I would give a penny
To save him so much pain.

80 *Emelyn*—Poor John ! Too bad ! Who is your guardian ?
Agnes—I have selected Colonel Bordenton :
He was our lawyer's choice.

Emelyn—The very best ; have no uneasiness.

Simon—This is Miss Agnes Highland ; but Warring's friend-
ship for her won't do him any good nor you any harm ; I
know her like a book. Miss Agnes, Miss Grace has crossed
the Atlantic to find Lieutenant Warring because she loves
him. She 's come far to hunt poor game according to my
genius.

90 *Grace*—Dear lady, pardon me :
Can this be true about Lieutenant Warring ?
Is he a suitor for your hand in marriage ?

Agnes—It may be so ; but have no fear of me :
My heart is not my own, though he who holds it
Little esteems it now.

Grace—One other favor ; Simon tells me too
That you received a cold and cruel letter
From him you love. Pray let me see that letter ;
Do not refuse though I seem over bold
And very strange ; it may be good for both.

100

*AGNES takes the letter from her bosom and gives it to GRACE,
who scrutinizes it intently.*

Agnes—Here is the viper !
I nurse it in my bosom day and night !

Grace—A cruel thing ! Heaven only knows how cruel !

[*GRACE returns the letter to AGNES.*

Here ! take it ! keep it ! never let me see it
Again ! Oh, me ! I am beside myself !

Agnes—We are sisters in distress, but I am first !

Grace—No ! I am first ! I ! Only hear my story
And you will pity me !

Agnes—Yes, Sister, we will hear it and tell ours.
The interchange of sorrows may sooth sorrow,
And make us love the more.

Grace—My father was a farmer counted rich
Among the simple-minded country folks.
I never knew my mother, for she died
When I was born. I was my father's joy,
His pride, his all ; and so through infancy
And girlhood I grew up to womanhood,
Queen of our happy world. All that affection
Could do to grace and elevate a child
Was done for me. Then came the desolation :
My father died when I was seventeen
And left me all alone. I loved him dearly ;
My very heart had never known how much

110

120

Till he was lost. Some time before his death,
Away at school, I met Sylvester Warring,
A poor young gentleman.

Simon—That 's right, Miss Grace ; that 's his full name, I
know it ;

I know the full name of every officer in the city.

130 *Grace*—Our first acquaintance ripened into friendship ;

And afterward,

When I was in distress he came to me
With words of sympathy, and then of love.
Disconsolate, yearning in my bereavement
For something to adore, with maiden trust
I paid his proffered love in full devotion.
As time wore on he told me of his plans ;
His aim, his one ambition was to be
An army officer, to make a name

140 And fortune in the service of his king.

And yet the chosen way was barred against him
For want of a few thousand pounds, no more.
I joined him in his plans and aspirations,
For I believed in him because I loved him.
I then was eighteen, by my father's will
The mistress of my little patrimony.
He was my dearer, nobler self ; and so
I gave him all I had, or nearly all,
To purchase a commission and supply

150 A gentleman's necessities and comforts.

By our agreement, made repeatedly,
I was to join him in America
In half a year ; he would allow no more.
He wrote me for a while by every packet,
And then more rarely. When the time arrived

He would not let me come. He gave a reason,
And I accepted it as true and good,
But with a heavy heart. His letters grew
Less frequent still, and they were cold and brief.
So two years passed, and in the last but one,—
Eight months ago,—one short harsh letter came.
My love and fear had made me almost frantic ;
And I gave every thing to pay my passage
Upon the ship that brought me to your city.
Until to-day hope battled with despair,
And conscience would upbraid me for distrust.

16c

Agnes—I pity you as you must pity me.

Grace—No, no ! not you ! I am the only one !
Your lover will return to you as true
As when he went away.

170

Agnes—O Sister, that you knew it ! Your belief
Is but the frenzy of a fevered mind,
Which broods upon its own calamities
Till others' sorrows dwindle into nothing.

Grace—Dear Friend ! dear Sister ! it is truth, not frenzy ;
Though how I know it I may never tell.

Simon—My opinion precisely, Miss Grace. If Will don't marry Miss Agnes it will be her own fault. There is a big possum in that letter somewhere, and I 'll find him too. My genius never fails. Miss Grace, that Warring is a mighty 180 mean man. Take my advice and let him go. It 's hard to lose your money, but you can't help that now. It 's gone and will never come back. Don't be discouraged. You 'll find a good many splendid young fellows in this town when you get acquainted. I know them all and will put you on track of the best. I must go now. I 've important business this evening with several gentlemen in the city. [SIMON comes out to the gate

and soliloquizes. Exeunt AGNES, EMELYN, JANE, and GRACE.]
 She 's a great prize. How she looked at that letter. She saw
 190 something in it that nobody else can see. She knows more
 about Warring too than she told us or ever will tell us. He is a
 mean man ; he 's in cahoot with Bezard, and I know it : what
 else brings him to Bezard's office every night ? and their curious
 talk ; I 'll see through it yet. Wake up, genius ! wake up !

*Simon proceeds to Melville's office ; he goes up the stairway into
 the garret and takes off his shoes ; he then passes through a
 small open door into the garret over Bezard's office, which is
 in the same building. From there he secretly keeps watch
 upon Bezard's room through a trap-door. Bezard and
 Joseph enter the office. Joseph lights a lamp, and they sit
 down by the table.*

Bezard—Who is she ? and what brings her to the city ?

Joseph—Her name is Marvin ; she has crossed the ocean
 To marry Warring. They were once engaged,
 But he discarded her. She loaned him money,
 And claims his person in return for it

200 Whether he will or not ; and he will not.

Bezard—Where is the girl ?

Joseph—She houses with the Reymonds.

Bezard—Who told you, Josey ? What sent her to them ?

Joseph—The negro Simon met her when she landed
 And took her there. Warring was in a shop
 And saw them pass. He watched her from the door,
 And saw her turn into the house with him.

Bezard—She found the very worst place in the city.

The Reymonds and the Highlands were fast friends

210 Before the war, and are so yet in fact ;
 They visit too, especially of late :

I know it for I keep them in my eye
As Highland will find out. If this young woman
Knows much of Warring's penmanship—that is,
Of his great faculty of imitation.
We must work quick before she loses hope :
There 's not an hour to spare.

Joseph—Warring will soon be here to talk it over.
She may be harmless yet. [Enter WARRING.

Bezard—Good evening. Right to business : has that woman 220
A dangerous knowledge of your penmanship ?

Warring—I think she has, at least considerable.

Bezard—Josey, see Weatherton. [Exit JOSEPH.
Would it not do to temporize awhile,
And ease her down with crafty gentleness ?

Warring—No, it would never do with such a person ;
Besides, a temporizing policy
Might compromise me with another party,
And spoil the magic of my Reymond letter :
That I cannot afford. I 'll give you, Sir, 230
A short account of my association
With Miss Grace Marvin : would you like to hear it ?

Bezard—I would ; it must be curious and rich.

Warring—The common, nothing more.
She is a country girl, a farmer's daughter.
When I was younger than I am to-day,
And idler too, we had a short engagement,
Made to be broken as a matter of course,
For she was far below my sphere in life.
I turned it to account, for she had money
And I had need of it. The man of sense 240
Makes pleasure pay ; the fool will pay for pleasure.

She lent me handsomely I must admit ;
 And it shall be returned if her annoyance
 Is kept in civil bounds.

Bezard—Is that your story ?

Warring—Yes, that is all.

Bezard—There 's nothing in it but a friendly favor.

Warring—She spoils it by unreasoning persistence ;

250 She is too lingering to suit my taste.

If I should mount an ass to cross the stream

Must I bestride him all my life to come ? [Re-enter JOSEPH.

Bezard—No, certainly. In principle, my friend,
 You are wholly in the right. [Exit WARRING.

Did you find Weatherton ? [Enter WEATHERTON.

Joseph—Yes ; here he is. [Exit JOSEPH.

Bezard—All ready, Weatherton ?

Weatherton—I 'm always ready, Sir, when I am wanted.

Bezard—You are wanted now. John Highland's time has
 260 come.

Weatherton—Cut out my work and I will do it well.

Bezard—And swear to all that I have indicated ?

Weatherton—I 'll swear to every thing that you desire.
 Give the particulars with time and place,
 And trust me for the rest : I 'll keep my word.
 I never turn my back upon my promise.

Bezard—You are the Ace of Trumps. Come over later,
 And we can settle things to suit ourselves.
 There is a danger now of interruption ;
 270 And you must not be seen.

Weatherton—I will not fail you. [Exit WEATHERTON.

Bezard—He is my man, and Highland is my victim ;
 With him and all the rest I 'll overthrow
 Five hundred reputations.

Exit BEZARD. SIMON comes down into MELVILLE'S office.

Simon—Let me think it out right here. Poor, black Simon, what can you do alone against that old hellian and his Ace of Trumps ? You 'll swear to the truth and they 'll swear to a lie, and your oath won't be worth a penny. How I wish I was fifty big lords all in that garret to-night. Now, genius, to the rescue ! I see it ! I 've got it ! Colonel Bordenton 's 280 the man for this business. He 'll keep the secret and he 'll help me too, because he 's a good man and loves Miss Agnes. They can't swear *him* down ; he can swear *them* down. He 's my Ace of Trumps. No time to lose : I must have 'im in ten minutes. [SIMON comes out upon the street. Enter BORDENTON, approaching a short distance in front of him.] What ! Glorious ! I 've got him now ! [SIMON runs up to BORDENTON and seizes both his hands.] Dear Mister, Master, Colonel Borden-ton ! please help me !

Bordenton—What is it, Simon ? have you seen a ghost ?

Simon—No, I have n't seen a ghost, but I 've seen some- 290 thing a good deal worse than any ghost that ever breathed ! I 've seen the greatest villain in the city hire another villain to swear away a good man's life and property ! that 's what I 've seen ! and I 've heard it too !

Bordenton—Simon, compose yourself and tell your story Slowly and clearly ; let me know exactly What you have seen and heard.

Simon—I 'll do it ! I 'll do it ! Just walk into Lawyer Melville's office. [They go into MELVILLE'S office.] Now I 'll 300 tell you just as if I was n't the least excited ; but I am excited ; and when you hear it you 'll be excited. A little while ago Adolphus Bezard asked a man to swear false against Highland. The man promised to swear any thing ; he said he would do the work as Bezard cut it out. Then Bezard

called the man his Ace of Trumps, and ordered him to come into the office later and learn what to swear against Highland. When Bezard was alone he said Highland was his victim.

Bordenton—Who is that man ?

310 *Simon*—His name is Weatherton ; he looks like one that would stab you in the back for sixpence.

Bordenton—Where did they meet ?

Simon—In Bezard's office : that 's where this deviltry was hatched.

Bordenton—How could you see and hear without being seen ?

Simon—I was in the garret ; I could see them through a little trap-door, and hear every thing they said. They could n't see me because it was dark in the garret.

Bordenton—Yes, Simon, that is terrible indeed :

320 You must remember it and swear to it.

Simon—No, Colonel Bordenton ; my genius tells me that would never do. Weatherton would swear against me and Bezard would swear against me. The court would believe them, and good, innocent Master Highland would be convicted.

Bordenton—True, Simon ; that looks reasonable, yet What else is to be done ?

330 *Simon*—I 'll tell you what can be done : Bezard and Weather-ton will soon be in the office to finish their plot. Go with me into the garret and you 'll be a witness. When Weatherton comes up to swear false, you can tell the court all about it and save Master Highland. Please don't refuse. You could never do such a thing for yourself : I know that ; but for another good man, a good old man ; you can do it for him : if you don't they 'll lie away his life and property, and nothing can save him !

Bordenton—Perhaps you are mistaken : think of that.

Simon—I 'm not mistaken ; I 've got plenty of genius ; I understood them as well as they understood themselves.

Bordenton—I 'll help you : it is right. I cannot see 340
An innocent, good man belied and ruined,
And never raise a hand.

Simon—God bless you, Colonel Bordenton ! You 'll save Master Highland in spite of Bezard and his Ace of Trumps. They can't swear you down ; you can swear them down because you are an honorable gentleman and a high officer. It is now time for us to get in the garret. We 'll go into this garret first, and I 'll take off your shoes and my shoes ; then we 'll creep softly into Bezard's garret. From there we can see and hear through the trap-door all that goes on in Bezard's 350 office.

SIMON and BORDENTON, go into the garret ; BEZARD enters his office a moment afterward.

Bezard—Confound the girl ! To put off is to lose.
I 'll pick my bird before he gets away.
If Weatherton were only more astute
And competent to act upon a hint
It would be better. He must have it bluntly ;
But he 's reliable, and that is most. [Enter WEATHERTON.
Ha, Weatherton, you are pat upon your promise.

Weatherton—I must be, for my word is all I have.
Give me the points and I will swear to them. 360
They cannot fluster me. If he escapes you
It shall not be my fault.

Bezard—Do you remember, Weatherton, the time
When Robert Thompson and Will Boles went off
To join the Rebel army ?

Weatherton—I do, exactly ;

They left the day my youngest child was born :
I knew them well, Thompson especially.

Bezard—And you know too where Highland's office is,

37○ His down-town, shipping office, do you not ?

Weatherton—Of course, I do : I 've been there many times.

Bezard—Our way is clear enough. Now follow me.

You are to swear that Highland sent for you
To meet him there upon important business ;
That Thompson brought the message verbally.
And then went back with you to Highland's office.
You testify that William Boles and Highland
Were in the room together when you entered ;
And further, that no person but you four

38○ Was there on that occasion : do you see it ?

Weatherton—As far as you have gone.

Bezard—Thompson and Boles are safely dead, you know :
And silence gives assent : this by the way.
You swear that Highland offered every one,
When he had bound you all to secrecy,
Three pounds a month to serve with Washington
Against the king, the money to be paid
To each man's family till he returned ;
And you will swear moreover,—careful here,—
39○ That Highland promised each, in case he died
Serving against the king,
To pay his wages monthly to his widow
Until his youngest child was twenty-one.
Thompson accepted this upon the offer ;
Boles asked for two days to consider it,
And you declined it peremptorily.
The conference was two weeks, or thereabout,
Before those men went off to join the rebels.

Can you remember this and swear to it ?

Weatherton—Yes, easily ; it is as plain as truth.

400

I say again, they shall not fluster me ;

I 'll earn my hundred pounds and earn it well.

Bezard—And you shall have it too. Await my call.

Weatherton—Sir, is there nothing more ?

Bezard—No, that is all. Be careful of your tongue.

Weatherton—Mine is as mum as yours.

[*Exit WEATHERTON.*]

Bezard—He is a treasure. I am ready now.

Exit BEZARD. SIMON and BORDENTON, *leave the garret and come down into Melville's office.*

Bordenton—What infamy ! Say nothing.

Simon—I 'll keep still : I 've a great genius for silence ; I never tell anything to anybody. Now promise me that you 'll 410 keep the secret.

Bordenton—I promise you. Good-night.

[*Exit BORDENTON.*]

Simon—Work away, *Bezard* ; I 'll work too. I have n't watched all these nights for nothing. It did take a good while to trap that old fox. He 's got genius but I 've got more genius ; and he 'll know it too before he 's an angel. Highland 's your victim, is he ? Wait awhile. I see the 'possum in that letter too. Well, *Simon*, you can go to bed now : You 've done enough for one day.

[*Exit.* 419]

SCENE II.—*New York City.*

HIGHLAND in prison. The guard paces to and fro before the prison door. Enter EMELYN and JANE. EMELYN carries a covered dish.

Jane—Guard, is John Highland here?

Guard—Yes, Lady, he is here, a prisoner.

Jane—We wish to visit him.

Guard—It is forbidden.

Emelyn—A little while!

Guard—Orders are positive:

No person can see Highland for a moment

Without the general's express permission.

EMELYN reaches her dish to the guard, who refuses it.

Emelyn—Please give him this.

10 *Guard*—That is forbidden too.

Emelyn—Do not refuse:

'T is only biscuit, and a piece of chicken.

Guard—It is enough to jeopardize my life
If I should pass it in; take it away.

Exeunt EMELYN and JANE. Enter AGNES and TRUSTY.

TRUSTY carries several parcels. AGNES hands an order to the guard, who reads it.

Agnes—The order, Sir.

Guard—It is enough for me; but have you read it?

Agnes—I could not wait.

Guard—This takes you in but does not let you out;
It says explicitly, if you go in

20 You must remain there till the trial's over.

[AGNES takes the parcels from TRUSTY.

Agnes—I 'll go.

Guard—You cannot carry those.

Agnes—I 've nothing here except a change of clothing
And these few dainties.

Guard—All extra comforts are prohibited.

He is a prisoner on prison fare
As you will be when you are in the cell.

AGNES drops the parcels and TRUSTY picks them up.

Agnes—Well, take me in : there is one blessing yet !

*Exit TRUSTY. The guard takes AGNES into HIGHLAND's cell
and returns to his post. AGNES embraces her father and calls
to him. HIGHLAND slowly realizes his daughter's presence.*

Father ! dear Father ! will you look at me !

Highland—What ! Agnes ! darling ! is it you, my child ! 30
It is ! it is ! God bless them ! they are good !
I never thought to see your face again,
For my poor life
Is nearly ended, and the prison guard
Told me you could not come !

*Enter WARRING who shows the guard an order. The guard
admits him into HIGHLAND's cell.*

Agnes—But I did come, and I will never leave you !
There 's happiness for both !

Highland—And we may find it even here. O Heaven !
How cruel is the selfishness of love !
When I rejoice to have my child with me 40
In such a place as this !

Warring—Allow me to express my sympathy,

And my belief and hope, Sir, that your trial
Will be the vindication of your honor.

Highland—I prize your noble act
When all the world, it seems, is dead against me.

Warring—You too, dear Friend ; you shall not watch alone,
For I will be your partner in the work
Of love and duty : I will have it so,

50 And you shall not refuse.

Agnes—False heart, begone !

Highland—My child ! my child !

Agnes—I know this man !
I know him for a hard, false-hearted man !
Bid him begone !

[*AGNES hides her face upon her father's breast.*

Highland—Do leave us now :
My daughter, be assured, will make amends
If you have suffered wrong.

Warring—I shall return and clear myself from this :
60 I know the source ! 't is absolutely false. [Exit *WARRING.*

Highland—Agnes, look up : he 's gone.

62 *Agnes*—These prison walls are more than merciful !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*New York City.*

HIGHLAND on trial before a military court. BEZARD appears as prosecutor for the crown, and MELVILLE as HIGHLAND'S attorney.

Melville—May it please the Court : I ask for two days more
To unearth a villainy.
That letter is a forgery in spite
Of its perfection. We may trace it home
And prove it if the honorable Court

Will grant us this delay.

Bezard—May it please the Court :
A long delay has already been granted
To break the evidence of Highland's letter ;
With what result ? The letter is to-day
Damning and irresistible as ever :
I therefore ask
The honorable Court to press the trial.

10

President of the Court—The trial will proceed.

Melville—May it please the Court :
If two days are too many grant me one.

President—If you have any clew to forgery
Present it to the Court ; if you have not,
A day's delay is inadmissible.

Melville—May it please the Court : I ask for but an hour
To make one effort more. 20

President—The trial must go on without delay.
Have you more evidence !

Melville—May it please the Court :

Enter SIMON ; he rushes into the court-room with a paper, and gives it to MELVILLE who examines it.

Simon—I 've got a witness ! I 've got a witness ! I 've got a witness that can tear that letter all to pieces !

Here it is ! This can do it !

President—Order in court.

Melville—We have more evidence ; we are prepared
To prove that Highland never wrote that letter ;
And, secondly, to show the man who did. 30
Our witness is Grace Marvin ; please the Court,
We 'll call her in at once.

President—The Court is ready.

Exit MELVILLE. Re-enter MELVILLE with GRACE.

Melville—This is our witness to the forgery.

President—The witness will be sworn.

GRACE stands before the president as if taking an oath, after which he directs her to a chair.

The Court will put some questions to this witness
Before counsel examines her. Miss Marvin,
Are you an expert judge of penmanship ?

40 *Grace*—No, sir.

President—Are you acquainted with John Highland's writing ?

Grace—No, sir.

President—Come forward to the table if you please.

GRACE goes to the table. The president shows her JOHN HIGHLAND'S name affixed to a paper: all the paper is covered except that part on which the name is written. He pursues the same course with other papers.

What name is written here ?

Grace—John Highland's name.

President—Who wrote it ?

Grace—I cannot tell.

President—Who wrote this name ?

50 *Grace*—I do not know the writing.

President—And this ?

GRACE looks at the name intently for a moment and shows evidence of deep feeling.

Grace—This name was written by Lieutenant Warring.

The president uncovers the paper, which proves to be WARRING'S forged letter against HIGHLAND.

President—Miss Marvin, read this letter carefully, And tell the Court who wrote it if you know.

Grace—It is Lieutenant Warring's penmanship.

President—Did he write all of it?

Grace—Yes, sir, he wrote it all.

President—The counsel can proceed.

Melville—We are well satisfied.

Bezard—We too are satisfied, so please the Court : The witness is well trained and very apt.

60

President—Miss Marvin, you can go. [*Exit Grace.*]

Bezard—Lieutenant Warring is the crown's next witness.

[*Exit Bezard.* *Re-enter Bezard with Warring.*]

Our witness is in court.

President—Let him be sworn.

Warring stands before the president as if taking an oath, after which the president shows him the forged letter.

Lieutenant, did you ever see this letter?

Warring—Never till now.

President—Are you familiar with the penmanship?

Warring—It looks like Highland's; If it is not his I do not know it.

70

Bezard—Lieutenant Warring, do you know Grace Marvin?

Warring—I know her for a liar and a thief.

Bezard—Lieutenant, that is all.

Melville—You say Miss Marvin is a thief and a liar: What proof have you?

Warring—I know it by a sad experience.

Melville—That is indefinite.

Warring—And by her perjury before this Court.

Melville—Defence has nothing further, please the Court.

President—Lieutenant, you can go. [*Exit Warring.* 80

Has the defence more evidence to adduce ?

Melville—No more, so please the Court.

President—Have you an argument ?

Melville—A short one, Sir.

President—Proceed with it.

Melville—May it please the Court : John Highland stands before you

Charged with high treason, in connection too
With most vile circumstance of infamy.

90 Two men have sworn to treasonable acts :

Who are those men ?

Degraded wretches. We have shown them both,
In all their life of disrepute and crime.

The perjury is fastened upon one
And his worse principal as plain and strong
As proof can do it. Colonel Bordenton
Has told the story of the subornation.

There is no room for error : he must know ;
And that he would not vary from the truth

100 Requires no argument. In view of this

Will you convict an honorable man
Upon the oath of one such vagabond ?
But perjury alone was not enough
To satisfy Bezard.

He saw his witnesses in their true light,
And fortified their lies by forgery.

The Court itself investigated that,
With such precautions too at every point
As quite precluded falsehood or mistake.

110 Our witness, modest, sensitive, sincere,
Grew stronger by all tests of truthfulness
Your wisdom could apply. The forgery

Was clearly proven home ; there let it rest.
One charge remains unanswered, charity.
Can it be treason to relieve and pity
The innocent victims of another's crime ?
But note his great expenditure of wealth,
Beyond his means, to aid the royal cause ;
Then tell me who of all his persecutors
Has done a tithe of Highland's noble work. 120
You saw Bezard,
At first a rebel, then a loyalist,
Pardoned at Highland's earnest intercession.
Six years ago his home was all his wealth,
A little house worth hardly fifty pounds ;
And now he occupies a sumptuous mansion,
Lives on his rents, has bonds and mortages,
And, as we know, sends money home to England.
The war, with all its hardships and privations
For other men, brings treasure to this man : 130
His loyalty is gain ; he, like a buzzard,
Fattens upon the plague. You see him now,
Stand at no villainy to attain his end
And blast a benefactor's honored name.
Highland's unblemished life and loyal zeal
Deny this charge ; but that is not our plea.
Weigh carefully their evidence with ours :
If pertinent, of power to convict,
Do justice and spare not : we ask no mercy.
But if the truth, in all that is essential, 140
Bears down our scale, then, as we know you will,
Still, still be just and vindicate the right !

Bezard—May it please the Court :
I should not trespass on you time and patience ;

But the strange oath of Colonel Bordenton
 And Miss Grace Marvin makes it necessary.
 First, as to Bordenton : he is a suitor
 For Highland's daughter. That I put in proof.
 I think of nothing else

150 That could pervert his mind ; certain it is
 That all his oath is false and libellous,
 As I myself and Weatherton have sworn ;
 Our two against their one.
 Grace Marvin : who and what is she ? A strange
 Abandoned woman, an adventuress,
 As Warring testified. I thought, of course,
 That she would trip in the examination :
 Why she did not is mystery to me.
 Perhaps, by some clandestine artifice,

160 Miss Marvin saw the letter days before,
 And studied every part of it with care.
 It may have been purloined ; it could have been ;
 And Melville's right-hand man, the crafty Simon,
 Would certainly be equal to the work.
 Here end my care and labor in the case.
 A most unpleasant duty to myself
 Is done at last ; it was done honestly
 In spite of their aspersions and false oaths.
 The verdict is with you. I am content,
 170 For I know well my loyalty to truth.

Melville—May it please the Court :
 Our two against their one is the defence
 Of the suborner and the perjurer.
 And will it stand ? Can crime protect itself
 By the inevitable two to one ?
 The Court knows Colonel Bordenton ; his honor

Is proof against Bezdard's insinuations.

Miss Marvin is a stranger in the city ;
But her demeanor is a full defence.

When Warring's forgery was put before her
You saw her pain, the flush, the stifled sob,
The trembling nether lip, and brimming eye.

Bezdard—No further argument, so please the Court :
And yet, one moment for a single thought.
Miss Marvin is an expert in the trade ;
Her acting is the height of simulation ;
But simple nature is a different thing,
Less glaring and obtrusive on the sense.

180

[*Exeunt.* 188]SCENE IV.—*New York City.*

HIGHLAND and *AGNES* in prison ; the guard before the door.
Enter MELVILLE, GANSEVOORT, and ELLEN. *MELVILLE* shows
the guard an order. The guard opens the door and the friends
enter the prison.

Agnes—Is father safe ? Quick, Ellen, tell me safe !

Ellen—Safe, Agnes ; safe and free.

Agnes—It is enough !

HIGHLAND—Heaven bless you, child ? your joy is all to me.

Gansevoort—That 's very fine, but we are here on business ;
We have the court's decision in your case.

HIGHLAND—What is it, gentlemen ?

Agnes—It 's good ! we know it 's good !

Melville—It is not half as good as you deserve.

The Court, upon deliberation, found you

Just in the extremest verge of loyalty :

Your distance from the approved and proper centre
Has cost your worship twenty thousand pounds.

10

Highland—That is severe, but less than bare dishonor.

Agnes—I 'll pay it all !

I have so much, and never till to-day

Have known the good of it.

Highland—No, Agnes, I could never think of that :

Your fortune is a trust from your dear mother.

20 What time have we for payment ?

Melville—Two days were given ; one is past already.

Highland—So large a sum upon so short a notice

Requires a sacrifice. [MELVILLE shows HIGHLAND a paper.

Melville—Here, Highland, is a paper of importance.

Highland—How ? what is this ? I cannot understand it.

Melville—Why not ? To me the thing is plain enough.

Do you not read the treasurer's receipt

In full to you for twenty thousand pounds ?

Highland—Who did this, gentlemen ?

30 *Melville*—Five thousand pounds of it you gave yourself

By me as your attorney ; and the rest

Your many friends contributed. Gansevoort

Received the money and I paid it over.

Highland—Adversity has left me all my friends,

And bound them closer too !

Gansevoort—But one is more than all the rest of us :

Without him we should bring you sorry greeting.

Agnes—We know it well, and Simon is my brother,

A favorite brother too ! My sister Grace,

40 With Colonel Bordentown and many more,

We love them, every one.

Gansevoort—Love 's the right thing, my girl, in proper
season ;

But let us leave this place : you and your father

45 Have been here long enough.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*New York City.*

EMELYN, JANE, and GRACE in a room of the REYMOND cottage. Enter REYMOND.

Fane—O Willie ! mamma ! Willie ! Willie ! Willie !

Emelyn—My precious little boy ! back, back to mother !

Never to go again !

Reymond—My mother ! dearest mother ! sister Jennie !
How have I looked for this ! but not a soul
Excepting you and one beside must know.
I leave next Friday.

Emelyn—Next Friday, Willie ! Two short days, my child !
You did not mean it !

You were but trying your poor mother's love !

Reymond—Mother ! best mother ! how could I do that !
Your love is all too boundless and too sacred.
My orders are imperative ; I leave
New York before daybreak next Friday morning.
But let us be as happy as we can
Until the time. The war is nearly over.
Cornwallis is in hard extremity,
And must surrender soon ; then you shall have me
And Henry too. He overloaded me
With love and messages for you and Jennie ;
I could not carry half of them a mile.

10

20

Emelyn—O Willie ! did you see your brother Henry ?

Reymond—Yes, mother, every day ; not long ago.
I took him a commission as lieutenant
In father's company.

Emelyn—I am so happy !

Fane—Mamma, it is too good ! But, sister Grace,
Forgive us ; we are crazy. This young fellow
Is your own brother Will ; love him as such ;
30 And, Will, love sister Grace for she is more
To you than even a sister.

Reymond—Accept a brother's heart.

Grace—'T is highly prized.

Emelyn—Is Henry well ?

Reymond—As well as I.

Emelyn—And never sick nor wounded ?

Reymond—Yes, he was wounded slightly, very slightly ;
Just bad enough to carry off the prize
When I felt sure of it.

40 *Emelyn*—O Willie Reymond ! tell your mother truly !
Was he not badly hurt ?

Fane—Do, Willie, let us know the very worst !

Reymond—Dear mother, sister, I have told it all :
His wounds were slight ; they never got him down
Nor kept him from his duty for an hour.

Emelyn—Heaven bless you both ! My courage is all gone.

Fane—I 'm glad he won the prize ; I love him best ;
But what are you ? a soldier laddie, Will ?

Reymond—Yes, and a captain too

50 Upon the staff of old mad Anthony.

Fane—That 's well enough, but Henry's is much better ;
Mother will say so too. [Enter SIMON.

Emelyn—I don't know, Jennie ; it will be all one
When I can have them both.

Simon—Will, Will, can't you see me? can't you see your brother Simon?

Reymond—Of course I can. Come to my arms, old boy, And find out to the fraction of an ounce

How much I love you yet. [REYMOND squeezes him.

Simon—O Will, Will, mercy, mercy! Murder, murder, murder! It's twenty tons too much.

Fane—If that's your gauge of love Simon is lucky.

Reymond—For what, my pet? No riddles with a soldier.

Fane—I'll tell you what: John Highland has been tried Before a military court for treason.

Bezard trumped up the charges and sustained them By forgery and falsehood. But for Simon, Your sister Grace, and Colonel Bordenton, Highland would be a ruined man to-day, And Agnes would be dead.

70

Reymond—My sister and my brother.

Emelyn—Willie you must want supper: Jennie, quick.

Reymond—One moment, Jennie; time enough for supper; Some words of Agnes first.

Fane—I looked for that before. To-morrow night Her father gives a party in her honor. The city's wealth and talent will be there To celebrate her birthday, all in mask. We have the cards.

Reymond—I'll see her then to-night and all to-morrow.

80

Fane—Impossible; she went into the country, And will remain until to-morrow evening. Her health was broken by long suffering During the trial. You must woo by proxy. I'll be the go-between: that's just my forte.

Reymond—Jennie, show me an invitation card.

[JANE shows him a card.

Fane—Here, General.

Reymond—What of the Fullertons? and where is Mary?

Fane—They live at the old homestead: she is there.

90 *Reymond*—And does she play the harp as much as ever?

Fane—She does, and more.

Reymond—You 'll borrow it for me.

Fane—My Sancho, what new lunacy is this?

Reymond—You 'll borrow it for me.

Fane—I borrowed it this morning for myself.

Reymond—Better and better. I shall play that harp
To-morrow evening at the masquerade.

Fane—Why, Willie, you are crazy: that is certain.

It would be suicide and nothing less:

100 No earthly power could save you.

Reymond—No earthly power can hurt me if my mother,
My sisters, and my brother keep the secret.

A little moss with flowers and evergreens,
And none will know the harp; some yards of plaid,
With your deft hand and mother's for a day,
Will trick me out as a Scotch Highland harper.

Emelyn—My darling, heed your helpless, pleading mother!
If any accident befalls you here
My heart will break: then do not risk your life.

110 *Reymond*—Now hear me, mother, hear! I must see Agnes
Or lose my reason wholly! There 's no danger.

Fane—Talk 's useless, mamma! Will must have his way.
We 'll fashion the disguise. I do believe
A man of common sense could do it safely.
But how will Agnes know you? shall you rave
To her in company?

Reymond—No, nothing of the kind;
I 'll sing a song that will contain a sentence

Which Agnes will remember : in that part
I shall reveal myself to her alone ;
And in the song I will declare my love.
Here is the sentence, Jennie ; but the song
I sing for Agnes first :
My life and my life's guiding star, love,
My heaven, my hope are in thee.

120

Emelyn—Please, Willie, think of this ! you have no mask ;
And if we buy one it may cause suspicion,
And lead to something dreadful.

Reymond—Dear, good old mother, do not borrow trouble :
My mask is in the satchel on the floor ;
And you yourself would never know your boy.
Keep dark ; be wise as Simon, every one,
And nothing can go wrong.

130

Simon—Yes, yes, Will, you may need the help of
Simon's genius before you get through this business.

135

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*New York City. A room in HIGHLAND's residence.*

HIGHLAND and AGNES in waiting to receive the guests. Usher in attendance. He introduces the maskers as they enter.

Usher—His Excellency, Governor Stuyvesant.

HIGHLAND—A hearty welcome, Honorable Sir.

Stuyvesant—A blessing on you both.

Be this a happy day to you, dear lady ;
And may you see its sun grow brighter yet
For many years to come.

Agnes—Under your Excellency's gracious rule.

Stuyvesant—Fair spoken words. There's not a comelier maiden

10 In all my province of New Netherland.

Usher—His Majesty, King Richard Cœur de Lion.

Highland—All honor to your sacred Majesty ;
Accept our loyal hospitality.

King Richard—It is accepted as our sovereign right ;
And in the acceptance you receive from us
The potent magic of King Richard's favor,

Usher—The Fairy Queen.

Agnes—Good Fairy Queen, you have our love and service ;
Come in and rule us in your daintiest manner.

20 *Fairy Queen*—I come with all felicity for you ;
But the ungentle, faithless, loveless hearts,
My sceptre stings them like a scorpion.

King Richard—Spirits of Air, I am the ruler here,
And I alone, King Richard Cœur de Lion ;
I brook no rival sceptre in my realm.

Fairy Queen—My sceptre is no rival to your own ;
It is above. I govern you and yours.
From twilight till the dawn I rule the world
By right divine. The mightiest prince obeys me
30 As fully as the lowliest peasant girl.
Whether he list or not. The truest souls
Are ever loyal to the Fairy Queen.

Usher—Hypatia, Maid of Alexandria.

Highland—Welcome, Hypatia, to our home and heart ;
Gentlest and best of teachers,
Ennable us with your deep and holy thought.

Hypatia—Most gracious words,
But undeserved. My thought, it seems to me,
Is but the fluttering of an unfledged eagle
40 Toward the far sun of truth.

Highland—Your modesty obscures to your own eyes

What others clearly see.

Usher—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Highland—Most brave and gentle Knight, your presence is
The well-spring of our pleasure.

Raleigh—My cherished friend, the little I can give
Is overbalanced by your rich return
A hundred times and more. This peerless lady,
For whose dear welcome I have crossed the seas ;
My life would be the light of heaven itself
Were not her love so far above my hope. 50

Usher—Henry the Eighth of England, with Queen Anne
And Thomas Cromwell, the Lord Chancellor.

Agnes—Our King and Queen, we owe you life and duty ;
And you, great Cromwell, next to royalty
You have our service, Sir.

Cromwell—Their Majesties command me to announce
Their high approval of your loyal welcome.
They join to-night in your festivities.
As for myself, I joyfully accept
The honor and the pleasure. 60

Usher—Old Socrates and his good wife, Xantyppe.

Agnes—Best of good men and wisest of the wise,
You shall not leave us till we learn from you
The sacred wonders of the human heart.
And you, sweet Lady, loved and loving wife
Of such a man, the happiest of women,
We owe—

Xantyppe—You owe ? You don't ! I won't ! It is too bad !
Is this your promise, Soc ? you crazy fool ! 70
Is this your El Dorado of the West ?
The bigger fool am I to follow you
To unknown lands five thousand miles from home

In search of wealth and wisdom. Poor Xantyppe !
What will become of you ! O dear ! O dear !

Socrates—Maiden, I come to learn and not to teach,
For I am ignorant. From early youth
Have I sought Wisdom earnestly, in vain.
At times, indeed,

80 Upon the glorious moments of my life,
I 've seen far off the radiance of her presence,
Or thought I saw it, and have labored on
Alone for years and years to reach the place
And find impenetrable darkness there.
And now I seek her through your wildernesses,
Upon your mountains, and among your people.
And who can fathom fate ? Perhaps at last
I am to find, and in this company,
Some brighter soul to light my groping way.

90 'T is good to die in hope. One favor, Maiden :
Do not misjudge my spouse ; the ocean's dower
Of hardship and anxiety has turned
Her gentle spirit into contraries.

Agnes—I see ; I know it all.

Socrates—Now, Typpens, let us join the company.

Xantyppe—Let us go home. The children may be starving ;
I know they are ; poor, little, helpless things !
You murder them as you will murder me !
You brute ! What she barbarian was that

100 You prattled with so like the fool you are ?
And leered at too ? you execrable scoundrel !
That was the end of it. You go your way
And I 'll go mine. Now I am quit of him,
And ask no grace nor favor at his hand.
What 's here ? What crazy savages are these ?

They must be the illuminated souls
That light his way to truth : I 'd swear to it.

Cromwell—Woman, aside ; their Majesties of England,
Henry the Eighth and Anne : make way for them.

Xantyppe—Avaunt ! avaunt, ye loons ! Out, out, I say ! 110
I am a Grecian matron, honored wife
Of the immortal Socrates ! Out, out !
Ye barbarous pack ! How dare you face me thus !

King Henry—Good Cromwell, why this route ? Whom have
we here ?

Cromwell—A termagant who bars your royal way.

King Henry—Let her be executed without trial.

Cromwell—My Liege, this brawling woman
Is not a subject of your Majesty ;
She is a Greek and not amenable
To British law

120

King Henry—Then lay the case before the Grecian Court.
I will have war or ample satisfaction.
Who is that woman walking to our right
With such a thoughtful, mournful, handsome face ?

Cromwell—It is Hypatia ; she 's a wondrous maiden
Philosopher from Alexandria.

King Henry—Anne, precious one ; my little butterfly,
Some grave affairs of state demand attention.
Follow your pleasure 130
Till I come back to you from banishment.
Cromwell, I have important work for you :
Go to Hypatia ; tell her England's king,
Henry the Eighth, bespeaks her hand in marriage.
Be swift and sure in this. When all is ready
Anne will be tried, condemned, and executed ;
And then Hypatia shall be Henry's queen.

Usher—Her Majesty, our gentle Queen Philippa.

Agnes—A loyal welcome to our gracious queen ;

140 Our house and heart are yours.

Philippa—Sweet words, my daughter, I have left a throne
To go about on works of charity.

I come to give you happiness to-night.

Cromwell—My Liege, Hypatia treats your kindly offer
With shameful disrespect and cold refusal.

King Henry—What did she say ?

Cromwell—That she was wedded to philosophy,
And could accept no earthly spouse, not even
A British king : those were her very words.

150 *King Henry*—'T is very strange that you should fail in this.

Cromwell—Most gracious King ! it is no fault of mine.

The woman is a Greek, and, like her race,
Ungentle and ungrateful.

King Henry—May she be cursed to suffer all the plagues
Of all the old maids on earth !

Let us return to Anne. My violet,
My heart upbraids me for our separation.

Anne—My Harry's presence is my balm for grief :
I shall be happy now.

160 *Hypatia*—Is this my teacher, Socrates the Great ?

Socrates—No, maiden, not a teacher but a searcher,
For I know nothing. I am Socrates
Of Athens.

Hypatia—Now is Hypatia blest !

Socrates—Are you Hypatia, maiden ?

Hypatia—Yes, I am she. How many, many times,
With helpless, anxious, painful gaze I 've tried
To look through utter darkness ! Now I see
The great High-Priest of Wisdom ; he will show

Her beauties and her mysteries to me.

170

Socrates—Maiden, to thee, to thee I come for light !
Thy purer, brighter soul may pierce the cloud
Which hides the sacred face.

Xantyppe—O villain ! villain ! Now I know the worst !
Ungrateful wretch ! and right before my face !
Who would have thought it ! I shall die for this !
Poor, poor Xantyppe ! your sad life is done !
My death is on your head : vile, heartless man !
Yes, let her sneak away. I should have torn
Her eyes out. If you had a spark of honor
You 'd die right here for shame.

180

Socrates—O Typpens, Typpens ! you are too severe.
That is Hypatia ! Athens and all Greece
Proclaim her as the wisest among women,
And chaste as wise. I thought to learn from her
Some things which I have sought in vain myself.

Xantyppe—Which is it, Soc ? which is it, knave or fool ?
And which is worst ? But take me to my children.
When I can see our pleasant home in Athens
Either or both will I forgive you freely.

190

Socrates—Do, Typpens, grant me this : give me to-night
In search of wisdom. On to-morrow morning
We sail for Athens ; and I promise you
My life thereafter shall be wholly yours.

Xantyppe—O Socie dear ! that 's like your better self.

Socrates—Sweet little Typpens !

Usher—A harper from the Highlands of old Scotland.

Agnes—A Highland welcome to our Highland friend ;
Come in and charm us with a Highland song.

Harper—I come to seek the maiden of my love,
The truest, fairest of old Scotia's daughters.

200

Between our families is a lasting feud,
 And so they tried to separate our lives.
 They kept her in confinement months together,
 And told her stories of my evil ways
 And my false-heartedness ; then, in return,
 I heard that she was faithless to her pledge,
 And dead to me forever. So I lived
 In the agony of suspense, almost despair,
 210 Until I saw my Jessie's face again.
 She stood behind the iron window-bars
 And pledged anew to me her faith and love.
 The words were choked and broken by her sobs ;
 The big tears overbrimmed her eyes and shone
 Like diamonds in the moonbeams. While she wept
 Our plan was made ; but some suspicion came,
 I know not how, across her father's mind ;
 And she was sent away. I sought her long,
 With no reward except a shadowy clew
 220 That pointed to your shores. If she is here
 She 'll know her Highland lover when he sings ,
 If she is not I seek her farther still.

[*He sings.*

(1)

From green heather hills o'er the sea, love,
 Afar from this wild, wizard shore,
 The true Highland heart comes to thee, love,
 To pay its fond tribute once more.

(2)

They told me my birdie had flown, love,
 Away from dark rumors untrue ;

And left her poor laddie alone, love,
Without one last kiss or adieu.

230

(3)

My life and my life's guiding star, love,
My heaven, my hope are in thee.
A demon said thou wert afar, love,
A stranger forever to me.

(4)

How sunless and cold was my sky, love,
By tempest clouds dismally crossed ;
How stricken and cheerless was I, love,
When all that I cherished was lost !

(5)

But skies that were gloomy are clear, love,
And hope's living beams ever shine.
I know by each tale-bearing tear, love,
The heart in your bosom is mine.

240

She is not here. Farewell ! [Exit *Harper*.

Agnes—Father, my eyes are dark, my head is dizzy ;

Excuse me for a moment.

[*Exeunt*. 245]

SCENE III.—*A room in the REYMOND cottage.*

Present, *EMELYN*, *JANE*, and *GRACE*. Enter *REYMOND* with
the harp.

Emelyn—Willie, my baby ! are you home again !

Reymond—Back safe and sound. It was a big success.

Jane—Did *Agnes* know the harper ?

Reymond—Know him ? Of course. Her soul was in her
face ;

He filled her eye, and all the other maskers
Were in a world of darkness.

Jane—How did she look ?

Reymond—I cannot tell ; she was too heavenly.

10 *Jane*—It was a cruel ordeal for her. [Enter SIMON.
Simon—Run, Will, run ! Bezard 's coming with all the
British army !

Emelyn—Quick, Willie ! quick ! Don't stay for mother !
quick !

Jane—Go quick for pity's sake !

He kisses each as he bids her adieu.

Reymond—Mother, good-bye ! A better time is coming !

Simon—Run ! Don't kiss ! The devil will be here in half
a minute !

20 *Reymond*—Jennie, my pet, good-bye !

Simon—Will, Will ! run ! They 're here now !

Reymond—And, sister Grace, farewell !

BEZARD suddenly opens the door and rushes in with a pistol in his
hand, casting his eye about the room. REYMOND, who stands
close to the door, unseen, strikes him a severe blow with his
fist, from which BEZARD falls to the floor, stunned. REY-
MOND seizes the pistol and draws it upon him. JANE shields
BEZARD with her body.

Jane—Willie ! my Willie ! Willie !

REYMOND draws JANE aside and EMELYN shields BEZARD.

Emelyn—Willie ! my child ! no blood !

Reymond—The way he drove you out !

Emelyn—No blood ! no blood ! Hear mother !

Simon—Run, Will ! run or die !

REYMOND *lays down the pistol and EMELYN rises from BEZARD'S body.*

Reymond—No fear for me.

[*Exit REYMOND.*

Simon—Now run, Simon ! run for your life !

Exit SIMON. BEZARD slowly recovers consciousness and rises from the floor. An officer leads a squad of British troops into the room.

Officer—What ails you, Sir ? Where is the Rebel spy ?

Bezard—The villain struck me down before I saw him, 30
And ran away. Out after him at once !

He may be captured yet. I 'll get more men. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A room in BEZARD's residence.**Enter JOSEPH and WARRING.**Joseph*—To-morrow, did you say?*Warring*—To-morrow without fail

The British army will embark for England.

Joseph—We shall be with you, Sir. The climate here
 Will be too hot for loyalists like us
 When treason has its day. It is a pity
 To see the sacrifice of property.
 This mansion is a fortune in itself ;
 And we must leave it to enrich a traitor,

10 The worst of all the tribe.

Warring—You have enough to make a handsome shift,
 The gift of Rebel generosity.

Joseph—There should be twice as much.

Exit WARRING. *Enter, a moment later, several men bearing BEZARD, mortally wounded. They lay him on a sofa.*

Father ! dear Father ! are you badly hurt ?
 What can I do for you ?

Bezard—You can do nothing, only mark me well ;
 But first reward our friends and let them go.

[*JOSEPH gives money to the men and they depart.*
Josey, my son, I have a mortal wound.
My life goes fast for I bleed inwardly :

I feel it ebb away at every pulse.

20

A little while and you must fill my place.

My work is done, all but these words of guidance,

A father's blessing, and the long farewell.

Bravely, my boy, and waste no time in mourning

When I am gone, but bury me at once.

The fleet will sail to-morrow ; be the first

To go aboard : it is your only safety.

If you are left behind the royal army

Your life is lost and mine has been a failure.

Sir Henry has my will and knows the purport :

30

It is secure among his public papers.

My fortune will be yours ; and I rejoice

To know that you inherit with my fortune

The deep sagacity which made it mine.

The fools have their revenge, and what of that ?

Your blood is mine, your spirit too is mine ;

Your life is the completion of my own.

I live in you and shall enjoy in you

More than I ever did.

Go on as I have gone, brave, vigilant,

40

Secret and changeless in your purposes ;

And keep withal a quiet, even temper,

Never enraged, depressed, nor discontented ;

Unmoved by tears and cries. By God's own law

The deer is born to satiate the lion.

Feed and grow strong upon the fool and weakling :

It is your right, your duty to your father.

The hundred thousand pounds that you inherit

Should be twice doubled for your oldest son.

Stoop closer, Josey ; let me feel your face.

50

My light burns low ; I cannot see you clearly.

But I am ready for the mortal change :
 The dark vicissitude from life to death,
 It has no dread for me.

Come closer yet : my voice is very weak.
 Your mother and your sister, do for them
 As I have done : their happiness is yours.
 Follow my counsel, Josey ! be myself !

59 And never ! never ! Josey ! Josey ! Josey !

[BEZARD dies. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room in HIGHLAND's residence.*

Enter HIGHLAND and AGNES

Agnes—You shall not go ! I will not let you go !

Highland—I must go, Agnes. Conscience will not rest,
 For I was born and bred a loyal Briton ;
 And if I do not die a loyal Briton
 I shall not die in peace. I will return,
 A stranger in the home of seventy years !
 An alien to my kin ! but you are here ;
 And where you are my heart must ever be.

10 *Agnes*—No, no ! you shall not go ! Stay here with me,
 And I will love enough for all the world !

Highland—Listen, my daughter ! I shall go and come ;
 But I must go ! I cannot change my fate !

Agnes—Stay, Father ! stay !

Highland—Ho, Trusty ! Trusty ! To your promise, Trusty !

Enter TRUSTY, BELL, and MALINDY JANE. AGNES puts her arms about her father's neck. TRUSTY looks at them and hesitates.

Trusty ! old Trusty ! will you fail me now !

TRUSTY takes HIGHLAND in his arms and wrenches him from the embrace of AGNES ; he then carries him through the door to Gansevoort's carriage in waiting. BELL and MALINDY JANE restrain AGNES.

Good-bye, my daughter ! for a little while !

Agnes—O Trusty ! Bell ! dear, cruel Bell ! he 's gone !
My father 's gone !

[*Exeunt.* 18]

SCENE III.

HIGHLAND and GANSEVOORT in the prison where HIGHLAND was confined before his trial.

Gansevoort—The royal cause is right, but it is lost,
And what am I to do at sixty years ?
My home is here, my interests are here,
All that I love is here ; and if the Rebels
Are only half as wise in victory
As in the battle, I will promise them
A loyal citizen in old Guy Gansevoort.

Highland—I cannot feel so, Guy : the principle
Is every thing with me.

Gansevoort—The principle is yielded by the king ;
And I shall follow suit. Now for a word
About the men in mask who captured us :
They were my own three sons, Ben, Jake, and Guy ;
And I was in the plot. The fleet is gone ;
My boys will soon return and let us out.

Highland—Good Heaven ! Are you telling me the truth !
I would have sworn a thousand times, Guy Gansevoort !
That you could never act so false a part !

Gansevoort—I did it though ; and what is more, John Highland,

20

Should do the same again. 'T was not my scheme :
Simon concocted it and held the reins ;
But I was with him in it heart and soul,
And so were all the boys. The man whose genius
Gave you the liberty to live in England
Has, for the time at least, prevented you.

The sons of GANSEVOORT, disguised as before, unlock the prison door and enter.

Ben—We are permitted to release you both
Upon your good behavior. You are free.

Gansevoort—Well, which is which?

30 Ben—What, don't you know us? I am Ben; I did

[They remove their disguises.

The disagreeable for Uncle John.

Jake rode outside and locked the prison door.

Guy—I held the blunderbuss to your left ear.

Gansevoort—You did it well, my boys: I 'm proud of you.

Highland—What have you done ! The ordeal was past.

I know the love that prompted you, and here

Recall my first harsh words : they were unjust.

But yet, my friend, the agony to come !

Gansevoort—My act was right and time will

40 Your daughter's happiness

Is more to you than abstract principle

In such a case. Your conscience has run mad :

It needs the curb, John ; and I have applied it.

Highland—My conscience is not mad. Conscience is right, Time-serving always wrong: that is my creed.

Gansevoort—Conscience! your whim! Humanity is right, And inhumanity like yours, John Highland, Is always in the wrong; that is my creed. [Enter ELLEN.]

Ellen—The foolish old committee let you out :
Why did they do it ? I shall punish them.
Where is the country place you went to buy ?
O what a wicked man ! Dear Uncle John !
I 'm crazy-glad to see you ! When you left
It almost seemed as if father was dead ;
And here you are together !

50

Highland—Child ! child ! how dearly must I pay for this !

[Enter AGNES.

Agnes—Here, Father ! dearest Father ! here I am !
You 'll never leave me now ! O Trusty ! Trusty !
Drive him away ! Dear, good old Trusty ! please !
Not yet ! not yet !

60

Highland—My child, my pet, old Trusty is not here.

Agnes—I thought I saw him there. I 'm scarce myself.
I cannot sleep, for when I close my eyes
Trusty comes in to carry you away :
Don't let him ! Drive him off !

Highland—'T was I, not Trusty : he pled hard for you ;
I made him promise me against his will.

Gansevoort—The work is nearly done.
I hope you have a quiet conscience, John. [Enter REYMOND

70

Reymond—My own ! my own !

Agnes—Willie ! O Willie !

Reymond—The time ! My joy ! my soul !

Agnes—Bless us, dear Father ! bless us ; we are yours !
Love Willie too !

Highland—I ever have loved Willie as my son ;
But I must yield
To conscience, not affection, though my feelings
Are wrung beyond my strength.

Gansevoort—Silence ! John Highland ; I will act for you.

80 Here, take this hand and this ; now join them so.
 Children, a father's blessing on you both ;
 Be happy in your love.

83 *Highland*—The will of Heaven be done !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A room in the REYMOND mansion, now occupied by the REYMONDS.*

Enter SIMON, solus.

Simon—Three days till Sunday ; then we 're all to be married right here in our handsome old house. How happy I am ! How rich I am ! Jerusalem ! how rich I am ! Simon Reymond ! Fifteen thousand pounds ! Ten lawyers could n't count all my money in a week ! It 's my genius. I 'll build a big brick house with a corpulo on it so that everybody will know a child of genius lives there. Golly ! Wont Malindy Jane cut a swell ! Miss Agnes is the girl ! she knows what my genius was worth : that 's why I 'm so rich. Genius for this world and grace for 10 the next : I 've got 'em both. [*Enter REYMOND and AGNES.* Here they come : now for business.

Reymond—A penny for your thoughts.

Simon—Not for a hundred pounds, Will Reymond : my genius is worth more money. I 'll tell you, Miss Agnes. I was thinking how happy I 'll be when Malindy Jane 's my wife.

Reymond—Four other men are thinking the same thing : That 's nothing wonderful.

Simon—Gracious Goodness ! Four other fellows after Malindy Jane ! I never heard of anybody but Tom Cooper.

20 *Agnes*—Not your Malindy Jane : Ellen is Henry's, And Jane is Captain Richardson's ; Miss Grace Is Ben's Malindy Jane.

Reymond—And you are mine.

Simon—I see it ; I see it : my genius was asleep that time.

[*Enter JANE.*]

Reymond—A penny for your thoughts, my girl.

Jane—I thought about my worthless Will.

Reymond—On honor now : you never thought of me.

Jane—A better man then,—if it was a man.

Reymond—As good as old Jack Richardson, for instance.

Jane—Perhaps he was. I fear I 'm growing foolish.

30

Agnes—Silence, old mischief. Jennie's heart is full.

Reymond—Mum 's the word for fifteen seconds.

[*Enter RICHARDSON.*]

Ho, Jack, old boy,

You 're just in time to kiss a tear away.

Richardson—I 'll do it then. No more of this my pet ;
Your prospect 's not so bad.

Agnes—O Will ! you broke your promise.

Reymond—Only ten seconds, and that 's near enough.

[*Enter BEN GANSEVOORT and GRACE.*]

Richardson—A pretty pair of turtle doves.

Ben—A handsome flock of turtle doves.

40

[*Enter HENRY and ELLEN.*]

Reymond—And still they come.

Ellen—The more the merrier.

Henry—That 's my girl, with a hundred elephants.

Reymond—One absent yet. Bring in Malindy Jane ;
Go, Simon, for our circle must be full.

Simon—I knew it, Will ; my genius told me before you did.
I 'll bring her right away. I 'd rather lose all my money than
have Malindy Jane left out.

[*Exit SIMON.*]

Agnes—How 's father, Will ? Are you quite sure of him ?

Reymond—He is a certainty ;

50

The Tory prisoners have captured him

Body and soul, conscience and loyalty ;
 He 'll never leave his daughter and my darling
 Till all of them are free.

Agnes—But then ; what then ?

Reymond—No trouble, dear one ; then is far away,
 Five years at least ; we 'll manage him by then.

Agnes—I never felt so happy in my life.

Grace—But I am happiest of all.

60 *Ellen*—And so says every one.

[*Reenter SIMON with MALINDY JANE.*]

Reymond—Here comes Malindy Jane. The circle 's full.
 Now for our song. Strike hands and tune your pipes.

[*They all sing.*]

(1)

We are a band of lovers true ;
 The time is drawing nearer
 When heart to heart shall pledge anew
 The dear ones growing dearer.

(2)

The day breaks fair, the sun shines bright,
 No fear our faith bedimming ;
 Eyes radiant, with love's own light,
 70 In tears of joy are swimming.

(3)

Ring ! ring ! The bridal plight is done
 When two are joined forever ;
 The golden chain that makes them one
 Can death alone dissever.

(4)

Two hearts in magic union set,
Still close and closer clinging ;
Upon two souls more clearly yet
The marriage peals are ringing.

(5)

And each loved one of all our band,
A sister or a brother,
Whate'er betide, for life will stand
Or fall by every other.

80

(6)

Ring ! ring ! The bridal plight is done
When two are joined forever ;
The golden chain that makes them one
Can death alone dissever.

[*Exeunt.* 86]

END.

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